The Wellsboro Gazette.

VOL. LXV — WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1921. — NO. 8

THE GAZETTE TO GIVE AWAY FORD TOURING CAR AND FORD ROADSTER

Also $300 In Cash Prizes In Circulation Campaign Announced Today---Cash Commission Will Be Paid To All Who Fail To Land a Prize

CAMPAIGN OPEN TO ALL AND CAN BE WORKED IN SPARE TIME—WILL RUN FOR ONLY SEVEN WEEKS.

This week the Wellsboro Gazette nnounces a big circulation building ampaign in which it is going to give way over $1,800 worth of prizes to esidents of Wellsboro and Tioga ounty.

The campaign begins today and ill end on Saturday night, June 11th, ast seven weeks from this date.

There are five prizes to be given way, as follows:

First Prize—Ford Touring Car.
Second Prize—Ford Roadster.
Third Prize—$150 Cash.
Fourth Prize $100 Cash.
Fifth Prize $50 Cash.

And in addition to the above five rizes every one who enters and takes art in this campaign, who does not in one of the five prizes, will be aid a cash commission of 10 per cent n each and every subscription they urn in. There will be no losers in his campaign. Every one taking part ill be paid something, according to he amount of work they do.

The Ford Touring Car and Ford oadster were purchased from the artt Carriage & Auto Co., where hey may be seen and where the orkers and their friends are invited call and inspect them. Both cars ave electric lights and starters and atest equipment, all complete and eady to drive away.

The five prizes listed above will be iven absolutely free of all cost to he five people securing the largest umber of points on subscriptions uring the seven weeks of the campaign.

Each cash subscription will count certain number of points. The subcription may be the payment of an ld account, renewal of a present subcriber or may be a new one. They ill all count the same, according to he point schedule printed in the anouncement on page eight.

This campaign is open to every an, woman, boy or girl—(15 years f age or over) living in Wellsboro r in this section of the State. All hat is necessary in order to enter is turn to the page announcement in nother part of this paper, fill in, cut ut and bring, mail or send the entance coupon to the Wellsboro Gazette office. Full information about he campaign will be found in the age announcement.

This subscription campaign is a lean-cut business proposition, in hich all who take part are guaranteed a fair and square deal in every ense of the word, and in which no ne will have any more of an advanage than another. There are bsolutely no obligations attached to ntering and it will not cost one penny ither to enter or to win any one f the five prizes.

Workers in the campaign are not required to secure any certain number of points in order to win one of the two Ford cars. All five of the prizes will be awarded to the five workers having the largest number of points to their credit on Saturday night, June 11th, regardless of how many or how few points they may have.

This campaign may be worked in your spare time. There will probably be no one entered who will be able to devote their full time to it. It is the busy people who do things, and there are very few live people who are not busy nowadays. No matter if you have other things to do, enter this campaign and work it in your spare time. There is everything to gain and nothing to lose in the Gazette's big circulation club, and you cannot tell what you can do unless you make an effort. Costs nothing to try.

It will not be a difficult matter to win one of the Fords. Every one who enters will have an equal chance. No one person will have more of an advantage than another. All who enter, may do so, with the assurance that they will get a square deal in every sense of the word, and there will be no favorsim or partiality shown any worker at any time during the campaign.

This is the best and biggest opportunity ever offered in Wellsboro to get a Ford car for only a few weeks work during your spare time, and an opportunity which by all means you should take advantage of.

There will be a big advantage in getting an early start. More points will be given for subscriptions during the first two or three weeks of the campaign than at any other time. So the earlier you send in that entrance coupon the bigger the advantage you will have toward winning one of the Ford cars.

The campaign is under the management of J. S. Lackey, who comes to the Gazette with very highest references in this line of work. Mr. Lackey closed a six weeks campaign on the Donora American just a week ago, which was successful, and was conducted to the entire satisfaction of all concerned.

For any information about this campaign just call at the Gazette office, phone or write J. S. Lackey, Campaign Manager, and he will be glad to explain everything fully, and will always be found ready and willing to help in every way that he can.

Give the campaign a trial. Send or bring in that entrance coupon today, or phone the Campaign Manager to enter your name.

CROOKED CREEK CHAT.

Death of Mrs. Mary Brown Bolton—Drama By Home Talent.

Crooked Creek, April 20.—Mary rown Bolton, wife of Henry Bolton, ied at the Blossburg Hospital last Vednesday, after an illness of about hree weeks. She was the youngest hild of Mrs. P. E. Brown, having pent her entire life in this vicinity. The untimely death of Mrs. Bolon saddened the whole community. he leaves to mourn her loss her husand and two children: Arnold, aged even, and Virginia aged five; also er mother, Mrs. P. E. Brown; one ster, Mrs. Will Cloos, of Nelson; nd three brothers—C. J. Brown, Earl . Brown and Ross Brown, all of this lace.

The funeral was held Saturday at he Alliance church at Holiday, of hich the deceased was a member. ev. A. Barnum, of Corning, officiat; burial at Keeneyville.

The following out of town people ttended the funeral: William Bolon, Albert Locey, Mrs. Campbell and Irs. Cleo Hayes, of Corning; Richard hodes, Fred Hymes and Mrs. Mose adgett, of Elmira, and Mrs. Mararet Hunter, of Jersey Shore.

Mrs. James Scott and daughter elen have returned to their home at inburn, after spending the past few eeks with relatives here.

The home department of the M. E. hurch of Mansfield will give a home alent play in the Crooked Creek range Hall, Friday evening, April 2. The Grange will serve ice cream nd cake after the play.

Creamery to Go Into Bankruptcy.

The following from "The Canner," ublished at Washington, D. C., will e of interest to dairymen in this ection:

"A New York report, just received, ates that the fact that the Dairymen's League has allowed the Delaare Greene Creamery Co., of Arkille, N. Y., to go into bankruptcy, fter having operated the creamery or several months and sold approxnately $80,000 worth of certificates f indebtedness on the promise that it as to operate the plant, more than ny one thing is expected to discourge the proposed pooling plan of the airymen' League."

LITTLE MARSH MATTERS.

Contest Banquet on Friday Evening—The Prize Winners.

Little Marsh, April 20.—The banquet will be held Friday evening at the church. Expect every one that read in contest. Don't allow what any one has said to keep you away. Talk is cheap and mean talk usually acts as a boomerang to the one doing it.

Ray Erway and family, of Wellsboro, were Sunday callers at the home of Homer Cloos.

Mother's Day will be observed May 8th with fitting exercises. Plan to bring mother.

Prayer meeting Thursday evening at Jos. Graves.

Allie Strawn had a cinder removed from his right eye by Dr. Kennedy on Saturday.

The judges appraised the essays and they were read publicly Sunday morning and the prizes were presented to the winners. There were four prizes of Bibles and the following were the fortunate ones: First prize, writer not known; second, Lula Eveland; 3rd, Emma Ferris; fourth, Craig Eveland. The essays were fine and each deserved a prize.

Mrs. Jos. Cooper spent the week-end with her sister, Mrs. Ben Faulkenburg, at Westfield.

Lila Dorlaino's grandmother, of Harrison Valley, is spending a few days with her.

Several from this place attended the play at the Shortsville church. The community is well pleased to see the church open again for services.

Marsh Creek and Vicinity.

Walter Keck, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Keck, who lost the sight of an eye by means of a piece of flying steel, returned home last Friday from the Williamsport Hospital.

Mrs. Casper Cleveland returned last week from Williamsport, where she underwent an operation on her throat.

Joseph Brooks is building a new barn.

—The shirt factories at Tioga, Blossburg and Arnot, which suspended operations about four months ago, resumed operations on Monday.

VISITING WEEK AT SCHOOLS.

Visitors Amazed at Diversified Talent Displayed By the Pupils.

Visiting week for the Wellsboro public schools closed last Friday evening with a delightful reception in the primary building, at which time the patrons who were unable to attend during the day sessions had an opportunity to meet the teachers and to observe the kind of work that is being done in each grade; and we believe we are adhering strictly to the rules of conservatism when we state that many of the visitors, who heretofore had little knowledge of what is being accomplished in our schools, were amazed at the display of diversified talent shown by the pupils in the different grades, talent that in all probability would have forever lain dormant unless discovered, developed and trained by the efficient, painstaking teachers, each one of whom is an expert in his or her line of endeavor.

As the guests walked about from room to room, observing on every side samples of the pupils handiwork, many were the exclamations of pleasant surprise, and words of commendation for the staff of instructors were heard on every hand.

It would be interesting, indeed, were we sufficiently versed in the descriptive art to relate in detail the accomplishments of the student body especially, we think, in the primary grades, but deprived of that, we can say that all who attended the reception were repaid a hundred fold.

The domestic science department came in for a good share of praise. Here was seen the result of a training that must have a great influence for good in the home. Delicious pies, cakes, cookies, doughnuts, etc., turned out by the pupils, under the direction of an efficient teacher, were attractively displayed and a visit to this department only served to make one eager to do full justice to the luncheon of sandwiches and coffee served to all guests.

An interesting feature of the evening was an auction sale of the domestic science bake stuffs, at which there was lively contest for the honor of securing some of the good things so temptingly displayed. Needless to say good prices were obtained for everything.

Wellsboro parents have good cause to be proud of the work being done in our public schools and from our observation we believe there is at this time more of the spirit of co-operation between the parents and teachers than has obtained in our schools for years past.

New Landlord of Coles House.

The Galeton Leader-Dispatch in speaking of the recent purchase of the Coles House property in Wellsboro by Clark B. Richardson, of that place, says:

"Mr. Richardson purchased the Hotel Imperial at this place several years ago and changing the name to the 'Hotel Galeton,' has made of it one of the most popular hotels in this section. He will change the name of the Coles House to the 'Wellsboro Inn,' and will start at once to improve and renovate the building. Hot and cold running water will be installed in every room, and the whole building newly decorated and refurnished.

"Galeton people will regret very much to see Mr. and Mrs. Richardson leave. Deservedly popular as host and hostess of the best hotel in this section they have also been active in the business and social life of the town.

"Wellsboro is to be congratulated upon getting Mr. Richardson to locate there. He will give to that place the kind of a hotel Wellsboro deserves to have, which will be second to none."

Fishermen Get the Limit.

The weather and other conditions were ideal last Friday for the opening of the trout fishing season. Local nimrods all reported the streams in excellent condition and most everyone returned with a fine catch or the limit. Several early morning visitors on nearby streams returned before noon with the limit. Any kind of bait seemed the right kind. Trout were taken on worms, minnows or on artificial flys.

The limit for the catch was 25, regardless of size, the same as last year. Several bills in the Legislature to change the existing laws are still languishing in committee. Sportsmen generally are particularly interested in the bill to restore the six-inch limit, and although such a bill has been introduced and favorable action is expected upon it, the baby trout will be legal game this season.

Within a few weeks, or perhaps a few days, the law will undoubtedly be changed placing a six-inch limit on trout and sportsmen are urged to keep watch of the papers in order to protect themselves.

Million Bushels of Potatoes in Storage

Enough potatoes to provide seven-eighths of a bushel for every man, woman and child in Pennsylvania, were in storage on the farms of the State on March 1, according to reports prepared by the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture. This is in addition to the amount of potatoes that will be required by the farmers for seeding purposes this spring.

On March 1 there were 10,618,730 bushels of potatoes in storage on the farms of the State, constituting 36 per cent. of the season's crop. A year ago the farmers were receiving an average of $1.16 per bushel for their potatoes on March 1, while the average price received on March 1 of the present year was 87 cents.

LIST OF JURORS FOR MAY COURT

Names of Grand and Traverse Jurors Drawn to Serve for the Next Regular Term

The following are the names of the grand and traverse jurors drawn for the next regular term of court, which convenes on Monday, May 23d:

GRAND JURORS

Levi B. Andrews, farmer, Jackson.
Charles S. Baldwin, salesman, Mansfield.
Herbert L. Bloom, J. P., Wellsboro.
Charles L. Beiver, manager, Tioga.
James Brennen, dealer, Nelson.
Herman Campbell, laborer, Morris.
George D. Clark, merchant, Blossburg.
James Donevan, carpenter, Elkland.
T. J. Golden, miner, Blossburg.
Asaph P. Hurlbert, farmer, Chatham.
H. W. Howland, doctor, Gaines.
James Husted, farmer, Wellsboro.
Albert M. Jones, farmer, Charleston.
Henry Johns, mechanic, Tioga.
John E. Kilbourn, merchant, Delmar.
William Lawson, miner, Bloss.
Eugene McNinch, laborer, Westfield.
John E. Sherwood, farmer, Westfield.
Edd T. Sticklin, farmer, Delmar.
Frank E. Snyder, merchant, Liberty.
Moses Shiek, harness maker, Liberty.
R. M. Steele, agent, Mansfield.
Burt Wilcox, miner, Duncan.
Harry J. Wood, brakeman, Blossburg.

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK

Lyman Ayers, mail carrier, Jackson.
James Badman, farmer, Charleston.
Joseph Bergh, farmer, Tioga Twp.
M. V. Benson, dealer, Mansfield.
John E. Bailey, farmer, Els.
Edwin G. Bailey, farmer, Brookfield.
Thomas J. Bell, merchant, Hamilton.
Charles Copley, farmer, Middlebury.
W. L. Connelly, farmer, Sullivan.
Homer P. Cloos, farmer, Chatham.
George Derbyshire, mechanic, Wellsboro.
Floyd Doane, farmer, Farmington.
B. L. Davis, merchant, Blossburg.
Albert C. Fisher, farmer, Delmar.
Frederick D. Fletcher, tinner, Lawrenceville.
Guy Gleason, farmer, Farmington.
Wilmot Green, farmer, Richmond.
Charles B. Gillett, farmer, Putnam Twp.
Fred A. Gillett, farmer, Mansfield.
James Gibbons, miner, Bloss.
Charles Hawley, clerk, Mansfield.
Albert Herman, farmer, Union.
Nathan Herman, farmer, Union.
W. O. Jenkins, farmer, Covington Twp.
R. D. Jones, farmer, Charleston.
David Louden, farmer, Delmar.
Floyd Locey, farmer, Charleston.
Edwin T. Longwell, merchant, Elkland.
John E. Lewis, farmer, Delmar.
Floyd Mace, laborer, Liberty twp.
Warren Miller, farmer, Union.
Adrion E. Marsh, operator, Lawrenceville.
Charles McCollum, farmer, Farmington.
Frank Nelcoski, laborer, Bloss.
James Nugent, laborer, Wellsboro.
Arthur R. Outman, merchant, Westfield.
Lafayette O'Dell, farmer, Richmond.
Fred B. Preston, clerk, Lawrenceville.
Robert Roy, clerk, Wellsboro.
James Rowland, farmer, Blossburg.
T. T. Rees, gentleman, Wellsboro.
Charles Swanson, miner, Hamilton.
John Suhr, laborer, Wellsboro.
Edd Stull, farmer, Elkland.
Reuben Shutter, farming, Farmington.
Owen Smith, merchant, Wellsboro.
G. A. Stebbins, farmer, Clymer.
Albert Sheppard, farmer, Delmar.
Norman Smith, merchant, Jackson.
R. M. Valsing, farmer, Delmar.
Clifford VanDusen, bookkeeper, Osceola.
Lee VanDusen, farmer, Westfield Twp.
Joseph Williams, clerk, Wellsboro.
Fred Weaver, farmer, Lawrence Twp.
Royal Watkins, farmer, Union.
Robert Wilson, laborer, Bloss.
Jesse Wilcox, barber, Knoxville.
Jay Weaver, plumber, Blossburg.

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK

George A. Abrams, carrier, Tioga.
John Alexander, farmer, Liberty Twp.
Henry Boulin, agent, Nelson.
Fred Brinnen, laborer, Lawrenceville.
Arthur Brant, farmer, Lawrence Twp.
Ollie Burdic, farmer, Westfield Twp.
W. E. Bryant, farmer, Middlebury.
Peter Barnes, farmer, Covington Twp.
Byron L. Clark, farmer, Brookfield.
John Copestick, farmer, Delmar.
O. A. Cleveland, farmer, Delmar.
Fred Davis, farmer, Lawrence Twp.
Verne Drew, farmer, Charleston.
Albert E. Davis, farmer, Chatham.
George H. Danks, merchant, Westfield.
D. H. Darby, clerk, Wellsboro.
Minor Friends, farmer, Jackson.
Harry Faulkner, foreman, Lawrence Twp.
George Gee, Sr., liveryman, Wellsboro.
Wells Hughes, farmer, Richmond.
Charles Husted, undertaker, Hamilton.
P. V. Harvey, merchant, Tioga.
P. B. Hoffman, carpenter, Clymer.
Alfred Jackson, paper hanger, Blossburg.
Roland R. Kelts, laborer, Westfield.
Charles F. Lambersen, miner, Bloss.
James Longwell, farmer, Roseville.
Jesse LaBar, farmer, Westfield Twp.
Harvey Mascho, farmer, Brookfield.
H. B. Murdock, farmer, Brookfield.
Henry Moyer, farmer, Liberty Twp.
Paul H. Mulford, forester, Shippen.
Herman B. Matteson, merchant, Knoxville.
Luke McCabe, undertaker, Blossburg.
James O'Connell, foreman, Duncan.
A. N. Persing, carpenter, Westfield.
Gorden Parker, farmer, Liberty twp.
Charles A. Peet, clerk, Knoxville.
William Rogers, farmer, Charleston.
Levi Reep, farmer, Lawrence Twp.
Levi Sechrist, farmer, Union.
Adelbert Smith, mechanic, Elkland.
William Stewart, farmer, Liberty twp.
Ralph Smith, clerk, Sullivan.
Burr VanDusen, farmer, Farmington.
C. H. Whittaker, superintendent, Elk.
William Watkins, farmer, Hamilton.
Leroy S. Westbrook, farmer, Middlebury.
Isaac R. Werline, justice of peace, Liberty.
Fred Walker, foreman, Gaines.

High School Baseball Team.

The Wellsboro High School has launched its spring campaign for outdoor sports. The High School turned out a victorious eleven last fall and expect to turn out a winning nine this spring. The County High School Baseball League of last year is not dead. A meeting was held last Saturday at Lawrenceville and two new teams were added to the league—Elkland and Blossburg. This alone shows and proves the success of last year's league. According to the schedule, Wellsboro plays at home each Friday and out of town each Wednesday.

The league starts this week Westfield High School plays W. H. S. on Packer Field on Friday. This is the opening game of the season. The High School has got a real baseball spirit this year. All the team needs now is the towns support. Everybody now—that means you. Remember this Friday the opening baseball game of the season.

Poor Tioga County!

The Potter and Clinton County Historical Societies are to hold a joint picnic pilgrimage meeting some time during the summer at some historical spot convenient for the members in both counties. Poor Tioga! It has no such society. It seems to have died with Charles Tubbs, its moving spirit. There is real necessity for its resuscitation. There ought to be native Tiogans enough of sufficient local pride to set it going again.—Potter County Journal.

THE STATE LEGISLATURE.

To Elect State Senators Biennally—Williams' Anthracite Tax Bill.

In reviewing the work of the State Legislature the past week a Harrisburg correspondent says among other things:

"The suggestion that the proposed constitutional convention take up the idea of electing State Senators biennially as members of the House are elected, was made to the Legislative League by Chairman George W. Williams. The remark was made the cause of a general discussion of revenue legislation and the Tioga member based his observation on the possibility of some great issue arising wherein it would be advisable to have the people elect a whole Legislature instead of twenty-five Senators holding over.

"The league decided to support the Williams anthracite tax bill, and a movement to put the manufacturing capital stock tax bill on the calendar notwithstanding negative action by the committee in charge.

"The amended fisherman's license bill was reported favorably to the Senate and is expected to be passed finally this week. The bill raises the limit for fishing without a license to 21 years. The proceeds are to be used for maintenance of the Department of Fisheries."

The Harding bill providing that the school term in first, second and third class districts be not less than 180 days each year after the first of July, 1921, and not less than 150 days in districts of the fourth class beginning July 1, 1922, and thereafter not less than 160 days, passed finally in the House.

The Glass bill, requiring owners of automobiles before securing a State license to take out a policy of indemnity insurance, provoked heated debate in the lower branch before being defeated. Mr. Williams, of Tioga, headed the fight against the measure on the ground that it would penalize ninety-eight per cent. of the owners of motor vehicles for the benefit of the smaller percentage of reckless drivers.

First Baptist Church.

The following program was given before the Woman's Missionary Society last Wednesday in the auditorium of the church: Opening responsive service, "The Word and Worldwide Missions;" talk, "The World and Missions a Hundred Years Ago," Miss Cockburn; sketch, "How They All Felt About It;" paper, "The Development of American Baptist Missions," Mrs. Cockburn; reading, "The Hymnody of Modern Missions," Mrs. Bailey; original Hindu song with guitar accompaniment, Mrs. Owen Smith; Question Box, Mrs. D. W. Frazee. Picnic supper for members, friends and husbands was served at six o'clock.

The officers and teachers of the Bible School are planning for Cradle Roll Day, May 1st, and for Mothers' Day and the coming of Dr. Hunt, May 8th. Our prospects of winning the flag in the County Contest are a little brighter. Only five more Sundays remain before the close of the race. Will you help us win or will you help some other school to win?

Division No. 4 of the Ladies' Aid will meet Friday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Rose Rumsey on Bache street.

The new Church Manual, which has been under consideration for several months, is now in the hands of the printers and, we trust, will be ready for distribution about May 1st.

Woman Sues for False Arrest.

Mrs. Elizabeth Burleson, a Potter county woman, has brought suit against a justice of the peace, the township constable and collector, for false arrest. The justice issued a warrant for her arrest on information of the tax collector which was served by the constable. Mrs. Burleson is said to have resisted the officers all the way from Costello to Coudersport and was forcibly carried into jail when she weakened and agreed to pay. She returned to Costello and consulted an attorney who advised her the proceedings were irregular and suit was brought.

It seems that prior to her marriage Mrs. Burleson owned a judgment against her now husband for $4,000. Both had been previously married and are grandparents. Burleson has paid no interest on the judgment and she contended that as long as she had received no interest she should pay no State tax on the money. The tax collector differed and the proceedings against her were started. She has now countered and the matter will be for Judge Heck to decide.

C. & M. A. Church at Holiday.

Christian and Missionary Alliance church, Holiday, Milton J. Scripture, pastor.—Our pastor is calling us to hold to the bible as never before and to follow its precepts diligently. Sunday morning he spoke on "Essentials of Salvation." He continued the subject in the evening and expects to complete it next Lord's day morning.

Prayer meeting Thursday evening at the church. Sunday bible study at 10 o'clock; preaching at 11; Young People's meeting at 6:45; a missionary lesson; preaching, 7:30 p. m. Come.

We are privileged to have Dr. Chas. Morris, president of Boydton Institute, Boydton, Va., with us for three services. He will speak in the church Saturday evening, April 30, at 7:30, and Sunday, May 1, at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Bro. Morris is a rare and gifted speaker. You will be disappointed if you do not hear him. Plan for this. Come with your friends.

COUNTY FARM BUREAU NOTES.

Fifty Thousand Bushels of Oats Lost to Tioga County.

That there will be an enormous loss of oats due to smut is evident. This disease takes its toll annually. It does its work so quietly that many times it escapes notice entirely, the damage done being blamed to season, seed, etc.

This loss is easily prevented by the proper use of formalin in treating the seed. Formalin and directions for use may be secured at the leading drug stores in the county.

Six Cows on Honor Roll at County Home.

For the month ending April 11, six cows have produced over 40 lbs. of fat or 1,000 lbs. of milk. Four of these honor cows are pure bred Ayreshires. Indications are that a good herd of pure bred Ayreshires will be developed at the County Farm during the coming years. At the present time, the herd consists of seven mature females, four heifer calves and one high quality herd sire. This, we believe, is a good nucleus to build a herd around.

That 1921 Wool Crop.

The marked slump in the wool market should not allow us to be careless or indifferent regarding our present clip of wool. It is a product that must be put on the market sometime and the condition of the wool at marketing time will be a factor in the price received.

The sheep industry in Tioga county should not be demoralized. There are brighter days ahead. Now is the time to build our flocks better, put a better quality of wool and mutton on the market, thus establishing a reputation for our product.

Our wool should be tied with paper twine and stored in a cool, dry place, well covered and protected from mice and dust. A good quality of wool will attract buyers when a poor quality will drive them away. If you are unable to secure paper twine from your dealer, call or write the Farm Bureau. It will be furnished you at 30 cents per lb. from our office. One pound will tie about 20 fleeces.

Sheep Management Work.

The Bureau of Animal Industry, the Sheep Extension Department of the State and the Farm Bureau, will put on demonstration work in sheep management and disease control during the week of May 10. Watch for announcement of place later.

STATE FORESTRY NOTES.

Small Game Animals Perish in Forest Fires—Fishermen Catch Limit.

Harrisburg, April 20.—James McConnell, of Watrous, has been appointed a Forest Fire Warden in Gaines township by District Forester Mulford, of Wellsboro. In his weekly report to the Pennsylvania Department of Forestry, Forester Mulford indicated that forest fires burned every day last week in his territory. Rain on Friday temporarily stopped them.

Considerable numbers of small game animals were killed in the forest fires. Many birds and rabbits went into the flames, and several nests of young rabbits were found dead.

Forester Mulford says eleven sportsmen caught the limit of trout in Asaph and Straight Runs on the opening day of the season. On the next day, two anglers caught their legal limit before 7:00 a. m. in Asaph Run. The first man to pass Asaph with the limit on the 15th was a Wellsboro fisherman who walked nine miles, made his catch and returned at noon.

Last week two serious forest fires started at Blackwells and Stone along the New York Central Railroad. They were put out by fire wardens and the rain. Fire Warden Callahan reported a 75-acre fire in Lawrence township, and Wm. J. Doud extinguished a fire in Union township after it had burned over 25 acres.

Forester Mulford has crews opening roads and trails at various points in the Tioga State Forest.

Newlyweds in Auto Accident.

Miss Carmel Manfrie, of Wellsboro and Miss Mary Saturno, of Stokesdale, were married last Saturday morning at 11 o'clock at St. Peter's Catholic church by Rev. Father Golden. They were attended by Mr. and Mrs. Salvadore Mollica, of Williamsport, formerly of Wellsboro.

Soon after the ceremony at St. Peter's church the newlyweds were taken in the car of Daniel Rogers to the Shumway studio to have their pictures taken. As the wedding party was leaving in the car, which had been parked in front of the White Front Restaurant, the top of the machine was caught by several long strips of scrap iron projecting from the end of a milk truck standing in front of the Cash Food Store.

Fortunately the touring car had barely gotten under headway when it was caught by the irons which Mr. Rogers, who was driving the car, failed to observe when he pulled out from the curb.

The top of the car was badly torn and the bride and groom on the rear seat had a narrow escape from serious injury by "ducking" as the several long irons ploughed through the top of the machine. Mrs. Mollica, who was seated with the newlyweds, was painfully bruised on the right shoulder and wrist.

—Game Warden L. G. Hoyt, of Tioga, has received a shipment of 150 Bob White quail which he will distribute throughout his district in a few days.

MILK SITUATION AT LAWRENCEVILLE

Nestles Food Co. Will Ignore Dairymen's League—Dispute Report on Milk

A Lawrenceville correspondent says that a recent report that the Nestles Food Company is operating its plant at that place at normal capacity is disputed by dairymen who contend that the company is receiving only 1200 or 14000 pounds of milk a day as compared to 87,000 as formerly. They say the former receipts for a day were about 55,000 pounds.

According to the dairymen the company is receiving an average of 16 cans of milk a day each containing about 70 pounds of milk.

The new cheese factory at Lawrenceville is in operation and is receiving about 8000 or 9000 pounds of milk daily. All of this milk is produced near that place.

C. G. Keen, of Lawrenceville, superintendent of the Nestles Food Company's plant at that place, states that his company which has recently reopened its Lawrenceville plant, has definitely fixed upon a policy whereby it will not deal with the Dairymen's League in contracting for its milk supply.

"We consider the Dairymen's League as at present conducted a competitor of our own organization," says Mr. Keen. "We do not consider it a wise business policy to purchase our raw product from a business competitor."

The Lawrenceville plant of the Nestles Company was reopened April 1st after having been closed since October. It is purchasing its milk from such farmers as care to sell milk to the company under the terms offered. At present the company is paying $2.42 per 100 lbs. for milk. This, at the present time, coincides with the price fixed by the Dairymen's League for the sale of milk but Mr. Keen says that this is only accidental and that his company does not intend to be ruled by the League in fixing the price of the milk it purchases.

"Our company, a few weeks ago, determined to reopen many of its plants in New York and Pennsylvania with an ambitious manufacturing program," says Mr. Keep. "This program, however, has already been materially shrunken as the result of the attitude of the Dairymen's League.

"The plant in Lawrenceville, which has a capacity of 70,000 pounds of milk per day, has received a good supply of milk thus far and the supply is daily increasing. The plant handles such milk as is ordered and it does not attempt to force anyone to bring milk to the plant.

"From the viewpoint of our company the Dairymen's League, as it is at present conducted, has become a scheme for making the farmer a victim of plans for personal aggrandizement on the part of some of its officers. We do not wish the farmer to deal with us if he does not desire to do so. If he can find a market in another place which is of better advantage to him, we are glad that he can find it. If he has no better market for his milk we are offering him our market.

"Our plant at Lewisburg, Pa., is at normal capacity although it is in the heart of League territory. We believe that this is an indication that the members of the League are beginning to see through the plans of the League officials that their interests are not identical with the interests of milk producers.

"It can be definitely stated, rumors to the contrary notwithstanding, that the Nestles Food Company will not sign a contract with the Dairymen's League for the purchase of milk and that it is opposed to the Dairymen's League as it is at present constituted. It will deal with the milk producers upon terms which are just and right without the intervention of the League."

Creamery Owners Warned.

A Harrisburg dispatch says that heads of 28 creameries operating in Pennsylvania have been sent certified copies of the act just signed by the Governor establishing a standard for butter in Pennsylvania in accord with that of the United States Government. The new law is aimed at persons who have been selling "watered" butter. It fixes 16 per cent. as the water limit and also forbids addition of starchy or foreign fat substances which would be injurious. Enforcement of the law will begin immediately.

First Presbyterian Church.

Mid-week service, Thursday evening at 7:30. Rev. T. M. Hurst, of Arnot, will be with us and bring the message. There will also be ordination of deacons and our members are asked to show their interest by being present.

Lords' day services: 10:30, morning worship; 12 o'clock, Bible School, lesson, "Poverty and Wealth."

7:30 p. m., evening worship. The pastor will preach at both services.

Members who have not made their contributions to the fund for surgical supplies for the Presbyterian Hospital in China, are asked to hand their money to Mrs. Otis H. Evans, Chairman of the Committee, or Mrs. Margaret Husted, Treasurer, as soon as possible, that there may be no delay in sending the box to China.

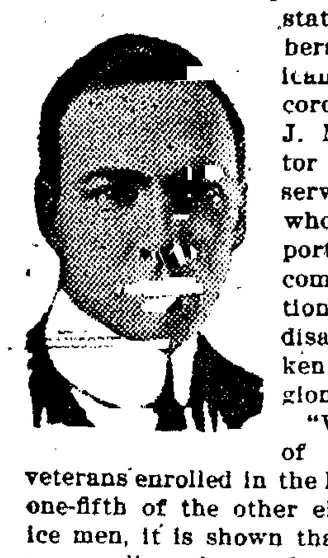
The AMERICAN LEGION

(Copy for This Department Supplied by the American Legion News Service.)

LEGION MEN IN HOSPITALS

One-Third Ex-Service Boys In Institutions Are Members of the Great Organization.

One-third of the ex-service men who are confined in hospitals in thirty-two states are members of the American Legion, according to Gerald J. Murphy, director of the Legion's service division, who bases his report on figures compiled in a national census of disabled men taken by the Legion.



"With one-third of the disabled veterans enrolled in the Legion, against one-fifth of the other eligible ex-service men, it is shown that the disabled man realizes the results the Legion has obtained in its campaign for justice for the sick and wounded of the World war", Mr. Murphy declared. "The disabled man has not joined the Legion for the selfish purpose of obtaining his own compensation, for the Legion service is extended to veterans, regardless of Legion membership.

"Although the principal effort of the Legion is to aid the sick and wounded veteran, national and state legislation, Americanism work and many other projects beneficial to all ex-service men are being accomplished by the organization. These movements are expected to result in a greater percentage of Legion members among those who left the service without physical handicaps."

TO HOLD PRO-GERMAN MEETS

Sessions Alleged for Purpose of Protesting Against Negro Troops in French Army of Occupation.

Pro-German meetings planned for the near future in a number of cities in the East and Middle West will be closely watched by the American Legion, according to national headquarters of the ex-service men's organization. The series of meetings, it is understood, will be held for the purpose of protesting against the reported presence of negro colonial troops in the French army of occupation, despite the fact that the troops in question were withdrawn many months ago.

Cities in which the meetings are scheduled are Milwaukee, Omaha, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Louisville, Chicago, Cleveland and New York. It is understood that Dr. Edmund von Mach, who was rebuffed at Washington, D. C., in an effort to enlist the aid of F. W. Galbraith, Jr., Legion national commander, in the project, and George Sylvester Viereck, notorious Boche magazine editor, are among the hyphenated Americans who are sponsoring the movement.

A bulletin from Legion national headquarters, warning state headquarters to watch for an attempt to revive German *propaganda* and to create sentiment in America hostile to the allies, has been sent out, and steps have been taken by national officials to influence the Department of Justice to prohibit the meetings.

"A recurrence of German propaganda activity in this country is something the Legion has been watching for for some time," said Lemuel Bolles, national adjutant of the Legion. "I feel that the greatest check to a movement of this kind will come from citizens of Teutonic extraction, of whose loyalty and sincerity there can be no doubt. Loyal Americans should know of the sinister efforts to turn sentiment in favor of the nation with which technically we are still at war."

NAVY HEAD SENDS GREETINGS

Josephus Daniels, Retiring Secretary, Expresses Appreciation for Part in World War.

A message of greeting and appreciation to the members of the American Legion was written by Josephus Daniels, former secretary of the navy, just previous to his retirement from office.

The message follows:

"Upon my retirement as the directing head of the navy, which place I was privileged to hold during the World war, I wish to send a word of greeting and appreciation to all who belong to the American Legion and all who served their country in the army and navy during those crucial days. It was a privilege I shall regard as the most sacred in my life to have been their comrade in those great days. They truly saved the civilization of the world by their spirit and their valor. In the days that are to come the world depends upon them for saving it from the perils of peace. I have profound faith that they will not be wanting in the new call upon them for the same courage and wisdom in peace which they manifested in war."

Ducks and Drakes.

Sending a smooth stone skimming across the water, skipping from wave to wave, is a very ancient game. It was played by Scipio Africanus and his friend Laelius more than two thousand years ago, and was probably a favorite pastime even then. The ancients called it "epostracismus." Its full English name, according to a writer in 1583, is "A ducke and a drake and a half-penie cake."

—Subscribe for the Gazette $2.00.

LEGION MEN HIT BY RULING

National Judge Advocate Decides Organization Officer Ineligible If Holding Public Office.

A decision of far-reaching importance as affecting the participation in politics of men holding office in the American Legion has just been handed down by Robert A. Adams, national judge advocate of the Legion, in response to an inquiry from the Inter-Post Council of Los Angeles, Cal.

At its annual election held in December a Los Angeles post elected Channing Follette as commander for 1921. A short time afterwards Follette was appointed justice of the peace by the board of supervisors of Los Angeles county.

The question arose whether, in view of the fact that Follette had been appointed to an office which, in its nature, except in the matter of filling vacancies, is an elective, salaried public office, he was eligible to serve as an officer of the Legion.

In his official ruling, the national judge advocate says:

"This being a salaried, elective public office, it is my opinion that the method of filling a vacancy is not essential in determining the eligibility of a Legionaire holding such office. The office is elective, although the case with which we deal is that of an appointment.

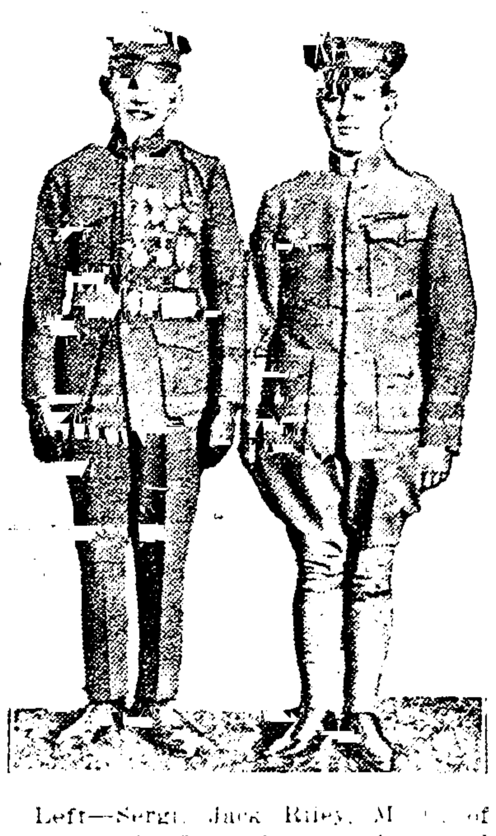
"The purpose of the constitutional provision is, of course, to prevent, so far as possible, the use by a member of the Legion of his Legion membership in furthering a political career. Consequently, the effect of an appointment is in no wise dissimilar from an election, and it is my opinion that the incumbent is, by the acceptance of his office, rendered ineligible for the office of the American Legion."

It is believed that many Legion members, appointed to political offices will be affected by this ruling.

TWO HEROES AS HONOR GUARD

Distinguished Illinois Buddies Delegated to Save National Commander on Inspection Trip.

When F. W. Galbraith, Jr., national commander of the American Legion, inspected Illinois posts, he was provided with an honor guard of two heroes of the World war, who have received 16 medals and citations for bravery between them.



Left—Sergt. Jack Riley, M. [illegible] of Chicago, is Illinois' most decorated war hero. He wears the Congressional Medal of Honor, French Military Medal, Croix de Guerre with palm and star, D. S. C., Navy Cross, Belgian War Cross, Victory Medal with five battle clasps and four citation stars.

Right—Robert Waterhouse, a veteran of the 33rd Division of Chicago, holder of the Distinguished Service Cross, British Distinguished Service Order, Croix de Guerre and Belgian War Cross.

GOVERNOR NEFF AIDS LEGION

Chief Executive of Texas Urges All Eligibles to Become Members of the Organization.

Governor Pat Neff of Texas has recognized the importance of the American Legion's effort to extend its influence in that state by giving an unqualified endorsement of the membership campaign now under way.

"Officials of the department of Texas, American Legion, the organization which stands as a living perpetuation of the spirit of the American soldier during the World war, are now making an especial effort to draw more ex-service men into their ranks," said Governor Neff.

"The record set by the men who form the department of Texas, during that period preceding November 11, 1918, and the principles advocated by these men since they have welded themselves into the American Legion," he continued, "leads me to suggest that the public would be serving its own ends, as well as those of the American Legion, by lending active support to the membership campaign the latter has launched. The former service man who has not affiliated with the American Legion should need no one to point out the advantage to be derived by him and his country through his support of this organization; but in the rush of modern life, some things are overlooked and those who have not the privilege of eligibility for the American Legion may aid by calling this to the attention of their acquaintances who have been in the service."

Big Coon Played Bear.

Falmouth, O.—Frank Rider and Frazier Tatton had a coon almost as large as a bear, and one day they decided to have a "bear" hunt. They turned the coon loose at the south border of town and after giving him a half-hour's start, they turned their pack of charging bear dogs on the trail. The dogs put the "bear" up a tree about two miles up the river. The boys shook him out of the tree and the dogs did the rest.

NOW TAP AIR TO GET MUSIC

Radio Amateurs Enjoy "Concord of Sweet Music Sounds" From 60 Miles Away.

CONCERTS A NIGHTLY AFFAIR

Development of Radio Equipment Has Brought Price of Apparatus Down—Wire and Broom Handle Enough for Aerial.

New York.—Rapid development of the radio telephone has made possible for thousands of persons in New York and other parts of the country fulfillment of Longfellow's prophecy that "the night shall be filled with music."

Enterprising amateur wireless operators, as well as many commercial stations, now put out through the air each night concerts created by attaching to sending sets phonographs and player pianos. Others, more enterprising, sing or play the violin and other instruments for the benefit of all who will "listen in."

Approximately one-half the amateurs in the New York district are licensed, permitting them to send. The others are content with receiving sets.

Receiving Apparatus Cheap.

Development of the radio equipment has been such that a practical receiving apparatus can be purchased for a very few dollars—the prices range upward in accordance with the equipment.

Great stretches of aerials are no longer necessary. A few feet of wire, looped over the end of a broom and hung out over the fire escape, and a ground wire attached to a radiator or water pipe answer. Some do not even call on the family broom, but attach a wire to the spring of a bed or a couch and excellent results follow.

On a recent evening one amateur residing in New York city heard seven concerts at one time coming from distances varying from two to 160 miles. By means of "tuners" these concerts were easily separated so that each one stood out clear and distinct from the others as desired.

Music From Sixty Miles.

The Press club of Jackson Heights, a suburban residential district of New York, recently featured a radiophone demonstration at a meeting of the members. By the aid of a "loud speaker" the members were enabled to dance from 9 p. m. until midnight to music which came in from varying distances. In a medley dance the members of the club started with a waltz, played at Woodside, Long Island, five miles away; swung into a fox-trot, played at Brighton Beach, 15 miles distant; to a one-step, which came from Paterson, N. J., 35 miles away, then back to a fox-trot, emanating from a phonograph about sixty miles up state. At 10 o'clock all watches were set by the time signals which were sent out from the United States navy station at Arlington, Va.

So numerous have their amaturs become and so united their interests by being able to talk with each other at will that they formed an association. They held a convention at a New York hotel. They exhibited not only their latest possessions in modern sets, but also brought with them the home-made apparatus of their pioneer days. During the convention lectures were given and nightly concerts from distant stations featured.

REPORTS ON SELF-OPERATION

Philadelphia Surgeon Who Removed Own Appendix Back at Work in Two Weeks.

Philadelphia.—Evan O'Neill Kane, sixty-year-old Jefferson Medical college graduate, who on February 15 removed his own appendix with a local anesthetic at the hospital at Kane, Pa., two weeks later performed a major operation on another patient.

Dr. Kane will not discuss his exploit other than to say "the experiment will be worth while," but his surgical assistant, Dr. D. E. Vogan, said of it: "Dr. Kane's operation establishes these things:

"First—Ease with which local operations can be performed.

"Second. Can be done without severe pain.

"Third—Pain more due to traction and rough handling of parts than to incision.

"Fourth—Any surgeon with a fair degree of skill can perform such an operation on himself."

—Subscribe for the Gazette $2.00 per year.

WOMEN GIVE OUT.

Housework is hard enough when healthy. Every Wellsboro woman who is having backache, blue and nervous spells, dizzy headaches and kidney or bladder troubles, should be glad to heed this Wellsboro woman's experience:

Mrs. Mary Cleveland, says: "I suffered a great deal by my kidney acting irregularly. My feet and hands bloated quite badly, too. Mornings I felt tired and languid and had no strength or ambition. I read about Doan's Kidney Pills and decided to give them a trial. It got a box from Blatchley's Drug Store and used them according to directions. The bloating left my feet and hands and my kidneys became regular in action. That tired feeling left me and I regained my strength. Doan's gave me wonderful benefit."

Nearly eleven years later, Mrs. Cleveland said: "I gladly confirm what I said in my former statements praising Doan's Kidney Pills."

Price 60¢, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Cleveland had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

INDIAN STORY OF CREATION

Menaboshu Made the Earth, According to the Legend—Great Lakes Are Bear Tracks.

Menaboshu, according to the legend of the Chippewa Indians, was the creator of all things. He avowed one day that he would make the earth. But the almighty creator did not find his task easy, for he wanted to make the earth larger than any other thing. Truly he rounded the soil between his powerful hands, until it grew into a great ball; but, freed from their touch, it fell in a heap. In this way he tried again and again; each time he saw the mass crumble. Then Menaboshu mixed water with the soil to form mud; and, besides, moulded it about a great rock, when behold—a still larger ball. The mass at last kept the chosen shape.

The creator, pausing to rest from his toil, beheld his matchless work.

Menaboshu next undertook to devise the many living things which dwell on the earth. Before the surface of the giant ball had time to dry, in fact, the lusty god began to make the animals, last of which was man—began to make the animals, one kind after another, on the broad palm of his left hand. Among others he made the bears.

The first bear soon escaped from its maker. The wild beast, with its untried strength, leaped to the earth and bounded straightaway across the continent of North America. But the land where the sprawling bear's huge paws struck the earth was still so fresh and soft that they left deep tracks. All was strangely new.

These deep marks on our continent quickly filled with water. Scarcely had the frightened bear bounded away, when the beautiful lakes—Superior, Michigan, Huron, Ontario and Erie—appeared, full to the brim. They are old, as the first bear's tracks.

The creator now hastened to make rain. At sight of the water, filling the lakes, he began to fear, lest the soil again fall in a heap; and he caused the rain to fall from the sky, so long that the lakes overflowed their shores. And the water from Superior, seeking the level, flowed toward Erie, the track of the foot which struck first and settled, under the bear's weight, much lower than the others—the water, on its way to the sea dropped abruptly from Ontario into Erie. And lo! the Falls of Niagara!

And Menaboshu, ending his labors, again beheld his work.

The Power of Silence.

There is nothing in this world which works to greater advantage than to be silent. No one likes to be ignored. It hurts like the mischief to have an antagonist throw up a barricade against which we have no power. The moment the other fellow is silent, that minute all detailed plans of attack are worthless. The only thing one can do is to be silent also, and there you are! Though ... an armistice, the action of conflict is over.

The one who refuses to converse may be one you have no use for. Still it bothers you. You are annoyed, your pride is injured at the realization that the one you hold in scorn has the opportunity to ignore you. The moment you resort to tantalizing banter you acknowledge the final defeat. If you fall in line and imitate your compliment. The secret is to steal the thunder first.

If one you love keeps silent it hurts twice. Once because you have no idea how deeply you may have offended to bring down upon your head such punishment, and again because the loved one could ignore you. Just think over the conquering points of this silent weapon.—New York Mail.

Tears Brighten the Eyes.

There is a very widespread belief that the process of crying tends to weaken the eyes and rob them of brightness. Actually, the truth lies in the opposite direction, according to an oculist.

The shedding of tears (provided that the weeping is not overdone) is one of the greatest aids to softness and brightness of the eyes.

The explanation is this: The eyes need a bath just as our bodies do. There is a certain quality in the "tear liquid" which does not exist in water, and that is why a tear bath is of much greater value than a mere bathing with cold or warm water.

There is a possibility that one of the reasons for the superiority of feminine eyes in point of limpidity and brightness over the male optics is the tendency of the gentler sex to indulge in more or less frequent outbreaks of tears.

The moral is that if you want to have what novelists call "eyes like the fishpools of Heshbon," give the eyes a tear bath at least once a week.

Wants a Free Trip.

Railroads require that when a body is shipped to any point the undertaker shall purchase two full tickets, but it is optional whether any one accompany the body.

The following unique proposal was sent to a New York undertaker recently:

"Within the next five weeks I am due at Santa Fe, N. M., and as I understand there are times when the near relatives of one who has passed into hazy oblivion cannot come to New York to take charge of same, I hereby hold myself open at any time within the above named period to accompany said oblivious party to any point in the West or Southwest as a matter of covering my transportation in exchange for said services."

Active a Century, Dies at 102.

Davenport, Ia.—Aaron H. Guzeman, who would have reached the age of 103 on May 2 had he lived, died at his home in Washington, Ia., near here after being unconscious two days with an attack of the grippe.

Take a Joy Ride to the Cemetery.

Louisville, Ky.—Funeral directors of Kentucky have appealed to Gov. E. P. Morrow to have hearses classified as pleasure vehicles and not as trucks. There's difference of $2 in the license.

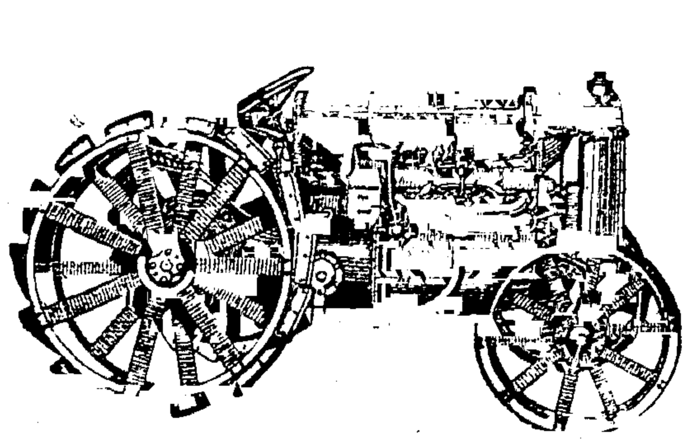
FORDSON

TRADE MARK

Farm Tractor

More than one-third of the tractors in use in the United States are Fordsons, yet the Fordson has only been on the market two years. Just like the Ford car, the Fordson is an all-year utility. It is a compact tractor; it is easily operated, it has more power per pound weight than any other tractor manufactured, it is the lowest priced tractor and it is the most economical to operate.

There are more than seven thousand Fordson dealers in the United States. There is one in every community who not only sells Fordsons, but who carries a supply of Fordson parts for repairs and replacements with skilled mechanics to give dependable service, and to help the farmer get the best out of the Fordson tractor.



The demand for Fordson tractors is greater than the supply. There is only a limited number for each territory. Get your order in now. Orders are filled in the order received.

Made by Henry Ford & Son and sold by

Dartt Carriage & Auto Co.

WELLSBORO, PA.

HAS DIAMOND MINE

Only One on Western Hemisphere Is Located in Arkansas.

Gems Are Found in the Crater of an Extinct Volcano in Pike County—First Found in 1906.

Murphreesboro, Ark.—The only diamond mine thus far discovered on the western hemisphere is located in Pike county, Arkansas, in which this hamlet is situated. The mine is two and a half miles south of here.

The diamonds are found in a "pipe," the crater of an extinct volcano which ages ago boiled up through the surface, had its terrific heat chilled by the water of an inland sea, and left bits of carbon scattered throughout the peridotite which now fills the crater to be pressed into diamonds by the contraction of the rock. The peridotite forms the original matrix of the diamond and thus far the only diamonds found in the western hemisphere in their matrices are those of Pike county.

Diamonds have been found in some twenty-five states, in Canada and South America, but always in river beds where, geologists surmise, they have been washed by the waters or in places where it is presumed they have been deposited by glacial action.

The first Arkansas diamond was found in 1906 by John Huddleston, then owner of the farm on which the sixty-acre "pipe" is located, by accident. Huddleston observed outcroppings of the gray-green rock, since classed as peridotite, and came to the conclusion that his hillsides contained valuable mineral, perhaps copper. After pecking around without finding anything which looked to him like mineral, he picked up crystals and then one day showed it to some friends in Murphreesboro. A Little Rock jeweler pronounced it a diamond, and made sure by verifications by jewel experts in New York.

The mining operations in Arkansas for several years, at least, will be far different from those of the South African fields, although the formations are the same.

In Africa deep shafts are sunk, the *peridotite is brought to the surface* and spread on drying floors for periods ranging from six to eighteen months. The rock has the peculiar quality of disintegrating when exposed to the air.

In Arkansas, however, except for a few places, the peridotite already has disintegrated to a depth of about twenty feet, and mixed with vegetable matter formed a sticky clay called "gumbo" locally. This overburden of "gumbo" will be worked before blasting operations are started.

SHE TOOK THE QUEEN'S MEAT

Culinary Expert Tells How Victoria of Great Britain Was Delightfully Deceived.

New York.—"Queen Victoria loved her mutton chops," said the queen's ex-cook, Mrs. Mary A. Wilson, at the Brooklyn food show.

"The doctors had a terrible time making her cut down the amount of meat she ate. Her chef, under the orders of the doctors, would serve her a thin slice of chop or steak and then he'd get fired. When I went to be her private chef I cooked her a great, thick chop just the way she liked it. Then I scraped the meat out of the inside and stuffed it with savory herbs.

"She was delighted with this new way of serving her chop and while she gazed on it with satisfaction and ate it with enjoyment she never realized that I had stolen half her meat."

ALL A "SIMPLE MAN" KNEW

But His Cheery Greeting Caused Many To Take More Hopeful View of Life.

Used to have a man down our way that some folks called "short" on his upper story. We never looked for him to say a sensible thing or [illegible]. He couldn't if he tried with all his might. He was the neighborhood fool, says a writer in Farm Life.

But one thing that man did know, and that was that God never made a day that was not [illegible]. Whether it rained [illegible] it was a fine day with him. Meet him anywhere and you would never catch him without a smile on his face and a cheery, "Nice day!" on his lips.

And this man who was short in the upper story did more to make folks feel good inside of them and inspire them to look on the bright side of life than any other farmer in the neighborhood. We all went on after we had met him in the road with a warmer feeling in our hearts, thinking: "Now, maybe it really is a better day than I had thought it was."

No man could have spoken a greater truth than our good old friend of the cheery smile and the optimistic thought. Edward Everett, the great orator, went far across the country once to speak at the dedication of a great public institution. It was a stormy day and people did not look very happy as they stood around under their dripping umbrellas. Watching the expression on their faces, Mr. Everett said with a big smile all over his face: "This is a fine day. God made it and He never made a day that was not just the best He could make it."

Sometimes it seems to us that things in this old world of ours are pretty badly mixed up these days. It is quite [illegible] to say: "We never saw anything like this." Things might be a great deal worse with us than they are. And everything is coming out all right, but you and I must keep [illegible] right or they never will be right.

Our old friend knew what all the [illegible] are [illegible]. He could not have known a greater thing.

Cadets' Great Ride.

Two hundred and fifty senior cadets of Victoria, B. C., have recently completed a 1,400-mile ride on bicycles, bearing dispatches from the state commandant to the minister for defense. The small riders averaged more than 14 miles an hour, and they completed their task 6 hours and 23 minutes ahead of schedule. This fine performance roused public interest in the new system of cadet training, which has taken the place of the monotonous drill-yard evolutions. Australia is training its youngest soldiers in camaraderie, self-sacrifice, alertness and a love of athletics. The story of the 1,400-mile ride against unexpected obstacles has set a standard which will not be easily forgotten by the Australian boy. While the dispatch ride has done much to direct attention to a happier system of training it has also served to awaken the interest of fathers and elder brothers.

—Subscribe for the Gazette $2.00 per year.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

by LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will cure catarrh. It is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is composed of some of the best tonics known, combined with some of the best blood purifiers. The perfect combination of the ingredients in HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is what produces such wonderful results in catarrhal conditions. Druggists 75c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

HISTORIC RELIC IS FOUND

Plan to Move Home of Doctor Priestley, Discoverer of Oxygen, Is Abandoned.

Northumberland, Pa.—That the homestead of Dr. Joseph W. Priestley, discoverer of oxygen, is to remain one of the landmarks of the borough is the prospect, information received from State college says.

The property was bought two years ago by Doctor Pond, then head of the science department of the school. His plan was to have it removed to the campus at State college and there have it stand as a memorial to Doctor Priestley. Since his death, however, nothing has been done in the matter of tearing down the historic building.

Engineers who inspected the building with regard to the feasibility of removing it to State college doubt that it could be done, because of the age of the structure.

Insisted on Courtesy.

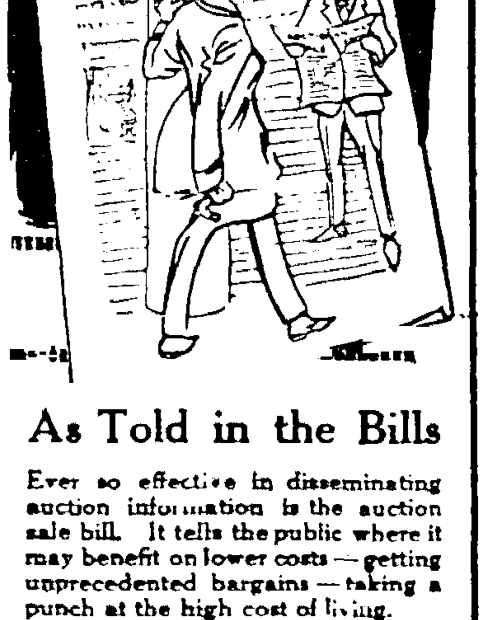
Justice [illegible] John L. Bretz, [illegible] had a set of [illegible] courtesy, is dead. His rules [illegible] as follows: "Witnesses [illegible] parties [illegible] required to treat attorneys [illegible] respect and [illegible] required to [illegible] with decency [illegible] examination [illegible] use of words that [illegible] etc., in argument is [illegible]."

After all others Fail Consult

OLD DR. THEEL

1719 Spring Garden Street

Phila. The Oldest and known as the Greatest Specialist from Coast to Coast, WHOSE *COMBINATION TREATMENT* NEVER *FAILS* TO RESTORE HEALTH and HAPPINESS. Gives *IMMEDIATE RELIEF* FROM ANY AILMENT, *NO MATTER WHAT CAUSE OR ORIGN* IF DUE TO INFECTION OR INHERITED. SEND for Book. It will surely open your eyes put you wise. Office hours, 10 to 4, evening 6 to 9. Sun. 10 to 1.



As Told in the Bills

Ever so effective in disseminating auction information is the auction sale bill. It tells the public where it may benefit on lower costs—getting unprecedented bargains—taking a punch at the high cost of living.

Properly printed, which includes good stock and expert typography, this medium surpasses practically any other, in that it goes right to every hearth, at such small cost.

Our prices are quoted from the

FRANKLIN PRINTING PRICE LIST

the fair and uniform price [illegible] of the business-like [illegible].

We will cheerfully co-operate with auctioneers or individuals on the [illegible] printing of auction [illegible].

The Double Squeeze

By Henry Beach Needham

ILLUSTRATED by IRWIN MYERS

Copyright, by Doubleday, Page and Co.

CHAPTER I—(Continued.)

"Why not?" asked the captain indulgently.

"Why not? It shows on its face why not. It says I was in the game today. And I'm on this ship!"

"Sit down," said the captain, who paused until his invitation had been accepted. "Mr. James—"

"My name isn't James. It's Shute."

"Well, then, Mr. Shute, if you prefer it," said the captain, wishing to humor his guest. "I have made a careful inquiry about you. Your room steward reports, and the quartermaster on duty at the gangway confirms it, that you came aboard intoxicated—I may say, were brought aboard drunk."

"It's a lie! Was never drunk in my life—never took a drop of liquor in my life. What happened, I was given a knockout—brought aboard drugged."

The captain appeared puzzled, then continued: "I hardly think so, Mr. James—"

"Shute!"

"—Mr. Shute. The ship's doctor examined you, at the request of your friends, after you were assisted aboard. He reports that he found you in an advanced state of intoxication. Your friends said that you had been celebrating unwisely before sailing."

"I tell you it's a lie."

"Mr. Shute, if you are not inclined to take my view of this unfortunate circumstance, you will have to be sent where you will be looked after. I

"I Mean That if You Don't Stop Your Nonsense and Behave Yourself I Will Order You to the Hospital."

mean that if you don't stop your nonsense and behave yourself, I will order you to the hospital. Good morning."

Win Shute had never been put out of a game in his life. He eyed the "umpire" of the high seas critically and turned to go. But, like the average ball player, he couldn't leave the "field" without the last word.

"Captain, you've got me—I acknowledge that. And I'm not going to make any trouble for you—not while you're managing the ship. But once we strike dry land I promise you I'll start a brand of trouble that will bring up on this boat. I've been drugged—I repeat it. And there's been the dirtiest kind of a frame-up against me. What's more, that message you hold in your hand is a pure fake. Either the man who sent it or the man who received it is a crook—take your choice!"

Before the captain of the Colonia could reply, S. W. James, or as he demanded to be called, J. W. Shute, was gone.

Quick thinking was a portion of his business in life. In less than the distance from home to first base he had definitely outlined his plan of action. Of course he would give the head man of the ship no cause to resort to war measures; that would be silly—worse than kicking yourself out of a big game which you might help to win. No, sir-ee! He would stand for "James"—he would be S. W. James. Quietly, but none the less decisively, he would devote himself to an unemotional consideration of his highly exasperating plight. He would see if past devotion to the stories of the Great Detective had taught him anything worth while regarding inferences and deductions from a limited array of facts. For the next nine days, or until the ship touched at Gibraltar, he would do nothing else.

On land James Winton Shute would have kept steadfastly to his resolve. But he was to find it different on shipboard. He was to discover something revolutionary about a sea voyage, something that jars one loose and cuts one off completely from ordinary life. The great white trail which fetches up at the stern of the ship leads away from every-day existence, lengthening the space back to the confines of duty and custom and habit as one nautical mile is tossed high on another.

For the first time in Win Shute's experience the pleasing shape of a girl standing to the wind, skirts taut like a sail close-hauled, tousled wavy brown hair brushing her animated face, Irish blue eyes bright and beaming, cheeks aglow with the delight of living, suddenly swept into his ken, and away went the restraints of an orderly, carefully planned scheme of life.

"Gee, what a swell girl!" he muttered. Then: "Why's she with that crook?"

It was Miss Riley, and she was attended by Jerrold Mansel, the wireless operator. More to the point, they were having a jolly time together.

Miss Riley and her mother, Mrs. Daniel Riley, occupied Suite A 9 and 11 on the upper promenade deck, listing at $700 for the voyage to Naples. It was the finest suite on the ship.

There was, however, nothing undemocratic about Miss Riley. Although she was the most fascinating person on the ship, she didn't let that bother her. Her mother was a subdued, almost timid, woman past middle age, who had a habit of fading into the furniture and becoming a stationary part of her surroundings. She was easily the best listener on the boat. Her daughter was devoted to her, and Mrs. Riley plainly showed that her interest was restricted to her "Girlie," as she called her daughter.

Miss Riley's beauty, which, of course, endeared her to the masculine element, for some reason did not detract from her favor with the women. They liked her because she never failed to "notice" them. "She's nice to every one" was another general observation.

Win Shute was not one of those who worshiped from afar. Just as in baseball he was in the game every minute, so in this new game he played it assiduously. The day of his interview with the captain he had performed a slight favor for Mrs. Riley, the ubiquitous steward being off duty. This led to an introduction to "my daughter," and that resulted in the transformation of the voyage. From the first he got on swimmingly with Miss Riley. They seemed to "perform in the pinches," as he put it, "like a [illegible] battery."

"What's a battery?" asked Miss Riley.

Win Shute was amazed, but he [illegible] explained: "Pitcher and catcher. Aren't you a baseball fan?"

"I never saw a game in my life," she confessed.

"You're got something coming to you," said Win.

"You can't get me excited about any game to watch. I'm devoted to tennis and golf, and I played hockey and basketball at school. But I played—I didn't merely look on. A baseball fan must be the laziest sort of human being; he runs away from his business, and then he hasn't the energy or the get-up to play. He sits idly by as other persons exert themselves. It's too vicarious for me."

It was a decided shock to Win that Miss Riley didn't care for the national game.

If anything were needed to enhance Miss Riley's charm, it was the mystery that developed about or enveloped her the third day out. Win Shute heard of it from his room steward, who had picked it up from the waiter at the purser's table. The purser was the agent of publicity, and it was surmised that he had gleaned his intelligence from the captain. Anyhow, it was a matter that the captain and the purser would naturally talk over.

Via wireless had come an inquiry to the captain of the Colonia about a passenger. The inquiry was from the United States government—so much was known. It concerned a young woman who was traveling with her mother. She was described in the general terms of strikingly handsome and clever. From this the descriptions varied according to the whim or imagination of the person repeating the morsel of gossip. The nub of the tale was that the young woman was a fugitive from justice.

Immediately a new ship's game was started: find the fugitive. The search was carried on by a process of elimination. First the sailing list was combed for a mother and daughter. It turned out, unfortunately, that in the first cabin there were exactly twenty-one pairs of mothers and daughters. As to whether these twenty-one mothered maidens were handsome and clever, opinions differed markedly. Some of the daughters were good-looking but undeniably dull; others were clever but plain. Not half a dozen could come within range of the specifications.

When the consensus of opinion was about to pounce upon Miss Riley, who headed the list of "suspects," another bit of information leaked out. The woman wanted was a stenographer. Here the search for the guilty one began all over. Miss Riley was wealthy—her ship accommodations and her dress denoted that—so it must be some one else. But after considering the qualifications of other possibilities for hours on end, Mistress Consensus again hovered about Miss Riley. Thus the first cabin divided itself into two camps—the partisans of Miss Riley and those of "the field." But paradoxically, in this instance, partisan meant enemy.

The ship got hectic about it, and because of it Win Shute got into trouble.

He was watching the poker game in the smoking room when the loose-jointed conversation switched to the unsolved mystery of the ship—the identity of the fugitive from justice. Eventually there was an argument over the demerits of Miss Riley.

Win Shute was angry at mention of her name. To him it was contemptible that it should be dragged in and bandied about over booze and poker chips.

Two men—one an ordinarily decent chap who had taken a little too much, and the other a cynical, self-contained man, the best poker player at the table—brought the unmanly discussion to a precipitate conclusion. There had been many references to Miss Riley, most of them complimentary in nature, and the decent but tanked-up chap had proved her champion. As a clincher he asked:

"That girl has the finest rooms on the boat. Does that look like she is a stenographer?"

The cynical man answered:

"If she is the stenog of one of them Pittsburgh millionaires, it's the kind of a suite you'd expect to find her in. Get me?"

There was a coarse laugh, which changed in the middle into an expression of concern. What happened was swift.

Win Shute said something in the gambler's ear and neatly slapped his face. The gambler, raging, jumped to his feet, scattering glasses and chips which went clattering to the floor, and made a vicious pass at the interloper. With the celerity of dodging a wild pitch, Win Shute avoided the first, and, catching the gambler off his balance, floored him with a pretty uppercut. Then the gambler, blind with rage, seized a whisky bottle from the wreckage. But before he could use it his arms were pinioned from behind and Shute was pushed out of the smoking room.

As the loss in rum and glassware, generously estimated, was made good, and as the smoking-room steward was properly rewarded for his future reticence, the episode did not come officially before the captain. But unofficially, through the human wireless system, the story went all over the ship. In its travel it became embellished with the ship's doctor's account, based on personal observation, of James' arrival on the ship—dead drunk.

The story did not get to Miss Riley in expurgated form. An uncomplimentary remark had been made about her—"Oh, nothing of any consequence—bless your heart, no!"—and "James" had thought himself called upon to defend her with his fists. Idiotic boy!

Win Shute, in his wholesome and innocent view of things, believed that the unfortunate affair in the smoking room would be hushed up. Having liberally rewarded the steward for the trouble that had been caused him, and thinking that "those present" would treat the episode from the standpoint of the least said the quickest forgotten, Win went about in high spirits, as if nothing had happened—headed straight for Miss Riley.

They were getting on famously. Together they had won many of the events in the sports, and at ship's tennis, which required agility and a sure, quick grip on the elusive ropen rings, they were in the finals to be played that morning. Miss Riley couldn't have avoided seeing him had she been so minded. They won, and were proclaimed champions of the sea—at least of that part of it dominated by the steamship Colonia.

It had been a hard-fought match, in which physical condition played not a small part. Miss Riley rather amused Win as they were resting in steamer chairs on the boat deck by saying:

"You seem to be pretty fit."

"Fit?" His tone had in it a shade of sarcasm. "I'm always fit—always ready to jump in and play—anything."

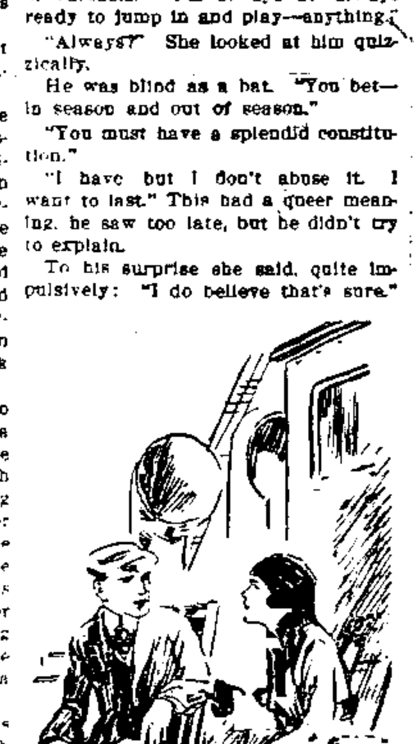
"Always?" She looked at him quizzically.

He was blind as a bat. "You bet—in season and out of season."

"You must have a splendid constitution."

"I have, but I don't abuse it. I want to last." This had a queer meaning, he saw too late, but he didn't try to explain.

To his surprise she said, quite impulsively: "I do believe that's sure."



Her Touch Gave Him an Odd Thrill.

And for emphasis she rested her hand for a moment on his sleeve. Her touch gave him an odd thrill.

Miss Riley got up to go to her stateroom, and then, as if under the spell of impulsiveness, added quite shyly:

"It was good of you to take my part in the smoking room."

"You didn't hear?" asked Shute, his face horror-stricken.

"Oh, I didn't hear verbatim what was said about me," she explained, her tone a little hard. "But I can imagine. Men are such brutes most men. And I wanted you to know that I—I liked what you did, no matter what others say about it. I must go now."

She slipped away, leaving Win happy and angry, turnabout; happy at her unexpected tender of gratitude, angry at the man who had blabbed. But happiness soon took the ascendancy. In his limited experience he hadn't much to compare it with, except breaking into the majors the very summer he graduated from college. This, on second thought, seemed a most unhappy comparison, as Miss Riley didn't care for baseball.

Then she could never care for a professional ball player! He hadn't thought of it before, but now, for some imperative reason that he didn't try to analyze, the idea forced itself upon him. If she couldn't care, what then?

"We land at Gibraltar tomorrow." Win Shute heard a passing remark, and suddenly it dawned on him that the day he once had looked forward to most keenly, but which he had almost forgotten, was at hand. At last he could move against his enemies! Now he could establish his identity!

But something held him back. Miss Riley wasn't fond of baseball! She had come to like "Mr. James," but would she, a "real swell," ever look with favor upon Win Shute, professional ball player? He shook his head gloomily.

Looking upon the much-advertised rock next day, he wasn't at all impatient to leave the ship.

"Going ashore?" inquired a voice at his side. It was Jed Mansel, the wireless operator.

"S'pose so," answered Shute without show of enthusiasm.

"Why not join me? I know the spot and the ways of the native holdup artists. I'll act as guide if you say so—glad to."

Never before had Jerrold Mansel offered to do him a favor. Their only contact after the first day's consultation over the wireless messages had come in rivalry over Miss Riley's time. Now the hero of the Regent was brimful of friendliness. Win Shute's suspicions, already sufficiently aroused regarding Mansel, were considerably augmented by this urgent invitation. But he smiled as he might have done in facing a pitcher who had something "on" him.

"Thank you—I've no time for sightseeing. I have some business to attend to here."

Win Shute was off the ship among the very first—before the wireless operator; he saw to that. He hired a conveyance and ordered the driver to make tracks for the cable office.

"If you get there before anybody from the ship I'll give you double fare!" promised Shute and he had to.

He wrote out a long message to Tris Ford, explaining in detail what had happened to him and how he had done his best to communicate by wireless, and how he stood over the operator while he sent it. Then he asked how long it would take to get an answer.

"From two to six hours," was the reply.

"I'll wait," announced Shute.

"But don't you want to see the fortifications?" asked the operator. "You will have ample time."

"I want to see nothing except the reply to that message," replied Shute, sitting down and making himself comfortable for a long wait.

After six hours of waiting, the operator handed him a cable dispatch. It read:

"Ford out of town. Report to American consul, Naples. Do you need money?"

It was signed by the club's secretary.

He cabled in answer to address him care of the consul at Naples. He did not ask for money. And he went back to the ship in no hilarious frame of mind. His team had lost the world's championship—the plot against him had been thoroughly successful! And he was no nearer spotting his enemies than he was before going ashore. And Miss Riley didn't care for baseball! This seemed to cap the climax. Strange how values change in a voyage across the Atlantic.

Aboard ship he ran upon the ship's doctor and the wireless operator in close confab. Win Shute was not curious until he caught the doctor's words:

"The Giant-killers lost. I see by the Dispatch, and you won. I'll pay you when we get paid off."

"My tip was pretty good," admitted Jed Mansel. "I made quite a killing. Cleaned up two thousand dollars."

"Two thousand?" repeated the doctor. "You were lucky."

"Not lucky—wise," corrected Mansel, winking slyly. "I knew that one of the Giant-killers' best men couldn't play."

Win Shute was certain. The wireless operator was a crook. He was a party to the devilish conspiracy that had drugged and put him away on the ship!

Rage such as he had never felt in all his life consumed him. He could not curb his desire to hurl himself upon Mansel and beat him to insensibility. But as he was on his toes to spring, a restraining hand was laid upon his arm.

It was Miss Riley. "May I speak to you, please?"

Reluctantly Win Shute turned from his enemy. He and Miss Riley walked along the deck until they were out of hearing of everybody.

"I looked for you before the passengers went ashore," she said. "You see," she went on, then faltered—"you see, I wanted to ask a favor of you." She stopped.

The ship's mystery unaccountably flashed across Win's mind. But he didn't pause a second in replying.

"Sure. Ask something hard. Wish I could do a real big favor for you."

"You can. I have a queer feeling that something is going to happen. It's perfectly silly, of course, but—if something should, will you look after mother? She is so devoted to me and so dependent on me that I don't know what she ..." Again she faltered.

"I sure will—and look after you, too," answered Win.

"That's so good of you. But don't trouble about me. It's mother I'm worried about." Then with a look of unconcealed admiration she concluded: "But I feel better now. It seemed to me that you were the only one on the ship that I could go to—the only one I wanted to trust mother to."

Notwithstanding the bitter disappointment of the day, Win Shute went into dinner that night with a heart as buoyant as a toy balloon. He was planning a walk and a talk by southern moonlight with Miss Riley.

But all evening she paced the deck in earnest conversation with Jerrold Mansel.

Win Shute figured out to his own satisfaction why things were thus. He knew that Miss Riley was receiving wireless messages—he had seen Mansel hand her more than one—and Shute decided that the operator was taking this means to keep in touch with her. Whereas a steward would carry Marconigrams to other passengers, Jed Mansel invariably delivered Miss Riley's messages himself. Naturally this attention would be recognized by an appreciative person like Miss Riley.

That Jerrold Mansel was downright crooked, there wasn't much doubt. But Win had to admit that his proof was far from conclusive. Tris Ford's wireless was a fake, but there was the possibility of faking somewhere along the line of transmission. Mansel had bet heavily against the Giant-killers—but so had thousands of other persons. The operator's remark about the player who would be missed from the line-up was strong circumstantial evidence against him—and still it could have been a "second guess;" he might have heard after the series that one of the best men had been out of the game. Certainly there wasn't enough solid proof to warrant Win Shute in denouncing the wireless operator.

And if he did—if he warned Miss Riley against Jerrold Mansel—it would involve a disclosure of the fact that he, James Winton Shute, was a professional baseball player. He wasn't ready to make that admission. The fact that the finest girl didn't care a hang for the national pastime constituted a mighty serious problem. It wasn't pleasant to continue to masquerade as "Mr. James," but it was an incognito enforced. So things were permitted to drift.

* * * * * * * * * *

It was moonlight on the Mediterranean, the last night but one of Win Shute's long voyage to Naples from unconsciousness. He had started out to act the part of a "trusty"—to do nothing against the captain's authority, but secretly to work toward one end, namely, the circumvention of his enemies. After a fortnight at sea, although he was naturally interested in his own case, he had lost much of his violent anger against those who had forced him to become a passenger on the ship. For if they hadn't—if he had remained at home—he would not have met the finest girl! As Tris Ford would have said: "There ain't nothing to that."

It was early, scarcely dark, but with a full moon, and together they were on the lookout for the first sight of Genoa. They had arrived at that important stage of their acquaintance when the original discovery was to be made of front names.

"You've never told me your name," he urged.

"Mother always calls me 'Girlie,'" she responded, half in fun.

"I know—but I never was strong for pet names—in public, I mean. Tell me your real name."

She was plainly embarrassed. It was a perfectly justifiable question, and there was no reason, which he could see, why she should hesitate. Yet she did.

"I'm not going to use it—till you want me to."

"Oh, it's not that—not that at all. I'd be glad to have you call me—Imogen. It's Imogen."

"Imogen Riley," repeated Win. "Say, that's some name. If I'd named you myself, I'd have called you—Imogen."

"Mother will be glad." And she laughed.

Rage, Such as He Had Never Felt In All His Life, Consumed Him.

"Now ... what's your name?" she asked.

It was his turn to be "fussed" and to hesitate. "My middle one's Winton—most everybody calls me Win."

"I suppose because you always do."

"Till now I have."

She edged away a trifle.

"Winton James is an excellent name," she declared. "I don't believe I would have it anything else."

He kicked the rail with his toe. It was an impatient kick. Masquerader!

"Look!"

She pointed to the lights, myriads of lights, bobbing on the shipping in the harbor and stretching high up to the summits of Monte Peraldo, where they lost their identity in the winking stars.

"Genoa!" he exclaimed.

"—the Superb," she completed.

"But tomorrow we go to Naples, and then ..." Win regarded Imogen wistfully.

"Don't speak of tomorrow," she hastened to say.

"No," he agreed. "We have tonight—all to ourselves."

"Yes," she whispered.

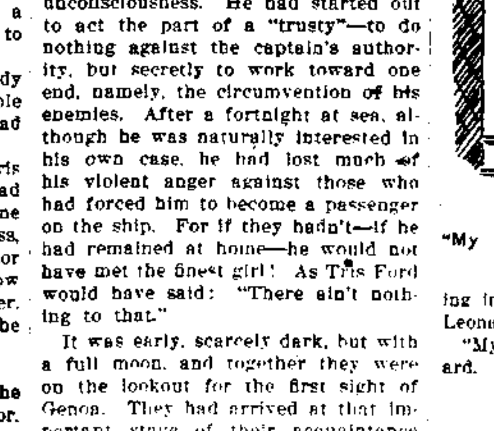
But they didn't.

As the Colonia was warped in to the dock, olive-skinned officers, most of them with black moustachios, swarmed about the head of the pier. In their dress and cocky bearing they closely resembled soldiery. And they formed a guard about each gangway before any one was permitted to land.

Other officers came aboard immediately, and the word soon flew around the decks, started by some prattling petty officer of the ship, that the "boarders" were connected with the secret service of Italy. This resurrected the ship's mystery, and tongues began to wag and heads turn in excitement over the imminent disclosure of the fugitive's identity. At length was circulated the information that the officers were seeking a young woman who was wanted by both the Italian and the United States governments. Finally came the name—a Miss Leonard.

Hearing it, Imogen trembled and clutched Win Shute by the arm.

"What's the matter?" he asked, star-



"My Name's Leonard—Imogen Leonard. Forgive Me."

ing into her terrified face. "It's—it's Leonard."

"My name's Leonard—Imogen Leonard. Forgive me!"

(To be Continued.)

Colossal Farms in Argentina.

Our American farms seem diminutive compared with those of Argentina. There the farm of two hundred thousand acres is common. Many are twice that size, and there is a record of at least one three times as large. It is not unusual for a whole day to be consumed on the train in crossing the land of a single proprietor.

The old cowpuncher days of our West are being repeated here. Looking from the window of the train one may often count twenty thousand cattle within an hour. Also he will see thousands of sheep and scores of ostriches. But one thing he will not see: barns. In a land where it is not too cold for animals to be out all the year round, and where there is no need to cut and store hay because hay grows 12 months in the year, barns are unnecessary.

At every station one will see corrals and pens for convenience in loading the cattle cars. Every day trains from all parts of the republic arrive at the great packing plants near Buenos Aires with their burden of restless animals.—Willard Price in the Christian Herald.

Alarm Clock as Egg Urge.

Councilman Lester Lutz is somewhat of a chicken fancier, writes a Berwick (Pa.) correspondent of the New York Tribune. Recently he tried the experiment of placing in his chicken pen electric lights that would switch on at four o'clock in the morning. He believed it would result in getting more eggs from the hens. That stunt didn't work, because the chickens failed to be aroused, even by the light in the pen, but Lutz thought further than that.

He got an alarm clock and put that in the pen, so it would ring every morning at four o'clock, the same time the lights were switched on.

"Formerly I was getting only six eggs a day from a pen of 20 Leghorns," said Lutz. "Now I am getting 12, 13 and 14 eggs a day from the same hens."

He invites visitors to come to his pen and see the electric lighting system and the alarm clock.

Bull Costing $100,000 Brings $1,100.

Chicago.—"The greatest advertised bull in the world," [illegible] Korndyke VIII, that sold [illegible] two years ago for [illegible] at a New York [illegible] stock sale, was sold a few days ago to David Stein of [illegible], Ill., for $1,100.

MAN OF DAUNTLESS SPIRIT

Captain Arthur Phillip, First Governor of New South Wales, Made Light of Difficulties.

History teems with records of great enterprises carried through with courage and strong purpose. The early settlement of Australia provides a good example of this. Capt. Arthur Phillip, the first governor of New South Wales, unobtrusively set sail from the Isle of Wight, on a May morning in 1787, with 11 ships, mostly ill-equipped, and so started, inauspiciously, on his 12,000 miles voyage to the Antipodes.

It was not until eight months later, that is on January 26, 1788, that the expedition landed at Sydney cove, situated inside the world famous Sydney Harbor. The anniversary of this historic landing is punctiliously observed throughout the commonwealth as a public holiday.

Captain Phillip, with every conceivable difficulty to face, including unsuitable settlers, great shortage of food and every kind of equipment, yet weathered the storm. His every report home was couched in a cheery spirit. Most of the seed wheat and other grain had unfortunately become spoiled on the voyage out and things were looking bad. Anticipations of help were centered on the impending arrival of the relief ship which was due early in 1790, but the vessel struck an iceberg near the cape, and the cargo had to go overboard to save the ship, which was then compelled to return to port. This event necessitated the strict rationing of the settlers. In writing home, the governor referred to his desperate situation as "these little difficulties which we have encountered."

Such was the man who initiated the settlement of Australia. His attitude toward the natives demonstrated at once his humanity and statesmanship, for he showed them great kindness and did his best to establish friendly relations between them and his settlers. Ultimately the settlement flourished and formed the nucleus of the commonwealth as it is known today, and thus well has Governor Phillip earned the distinction of being included in the roll of honor of the "Men Who Built the Empire."

Powdered Lemon Juice.

One of the newest fruit products is powdered lemon juice. It is pure juice reduced to a perfectly soluble powder. Details of the process used have not been given out, but it is an adaptation of the well-known spray method of reducing milk to powdered form; indeed, the originators of the product are powdered-milk manufacturers, the largest in the world. The process can also be used successfully with orange juice. The originators intend to erect a California factory for the manufacture of the product.

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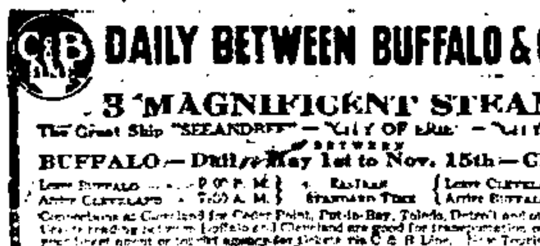

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Good Clothes—Israel Cohen & Son.
News of Interest—A. W. Lugg & Co.
After Bibber Business—Cain-Bernkopf.
New Plumbing Shop—Bliss & Kimball.
Notice to Taxpayers—Delmar Township.
Notice—Niles Valley Cemetery Association.
Proposed Ordinance—Borough of Wellsboro.
Contractors and Builders—Harkness & Suhr.

BRIEF HOME LOCALS

—Claude Culver, of Galeton, was in town Tuesday.

—Mrs. M. B. Mathers is visiting relatives in New York city.

—Mrs. A. G. Hamilton, of Pittsburgh, is home for a few days.

—Hon. H. M. Foote, of Washington, spent a few days in town last week on business.

—Wallace Reid in "What's Your Hurry" at the Auditorium, Friday and Saturday evenings.

—Andrew M. Yoggy, of the firm of Yoggy Bros., of Morris, had business in town yesterday.

—Miss Catherine Russell and Miss Decker, of Athens, Pa., are guests of Mrs. Edwin Matson.

—Mrs. H. C. VanHorn, of Galeton, has been visiting at the home of P. C. VanHorn the past week.

—Prof. M. F. Jones, of Blossburg, County Superintendent of Schools, had business in town Monday.

—Mr. and Mrs. George Hill and daughter, Harriet, were in Williamsport last Friday and Saturday.

—Miss Alice Cohen, of New York city, is spending a few weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Israel Cohen.

—The restaurant of Kimball & Cotter in the Hastings' block is being remodeled and improved with new fixtures.

—A motor bus line from Galeton to Wellsboro, one round trip daily, has been started by Allen & Brigham, of Galeton.

—Walter Wetherbee has returned from Hissimmee, Florida, where he has been spending the winter with relatives.

—Are you talking up the community nursing project to your friends and neighbors? This is one way you can help.

—William D. VanHorn, of Geneva, N. Y., a former well known citizen of Wellsboro, spent a few days in town last week.

—Hon. Walter T. Merrick left Tuesday for Oregon, where he has extensive lumber interests. He expects to be gone several weeks.

—Miss Harriet Simpson is representing the Wellsboro Chapter at the national convention of the D. A. R. held at Washington this week.

—Miss Camilla Barber, of Tioga, and Lewis Plum, of Crooked Creek, were married a few days ago in this borough, by E. B. Rockwell, Esq.

—The home talent minstrel company will visit Galeton next Monday and put on a show for the benefit of the Baseball Association of that place.

—John B. Desmond, of Morris, one of the tallest men in Tioga county, 6½ feet, was a visitor in town last Thursday and called at the Gazette office.

—Councilmen A. P. Dartt and Dr. Harry W. Bailey left Tuesday evening for Harrisburg in the interest of the contemplated road work on East avenue.

—"What shall it profit a community if it gain the whole world and loose its health?" Join the Community Nursing Association and help to keep Wellsboro well.

—The many friends of Paul H. Edwards, Esq., will be pleased to learn that he has sufficiently recovered from his prolonged illness to be able to resume his law practice.

—The Tioga Argus says that Albert Engler has accepted the position of foreman in the O. H. Evans garage at Wellsboro and commenced his duties last Thursday morning.

—H. L. Blatchley spent several days in Tioga last week taking inventory of the stock of Smith's drug store which has been purchased by Mrs. Faith M. Wells, of that place.

—Frank R. Fischler, a Wellsboro grocer, in point of service is the county seat's oldest business man. He is in his forty-ninth year, and 1922 is his golden jubilee.—North American.

—Our community nurse will help to keep the kiddies well by giving them attention at school. If you wish to see this work go on sign one of the blue books at the drug stores. Do it this week.

—Miss Edith Lewis, the well known trained nurse who enlisted with the Red Cross and served overseas during the world war, has been appointed State Nurse for Tioga county, with headquarters in Wellsboro.

—According to the borough ordinance printed in another column Wellsboro is to have a new street to be known as "Packer Place," which will connect Queen street with Packer Field. Further details in another column.

—Charles Chaplin in "The Kid" at the Auditorium, May 2d and 3d. The comedy, which was written and directed by Charles Chaplin, the world's greatest comedian, took a year to make—and it is said to be worth every moment of it.

—Attention is called to the advertisement in another column of the new firm of Bliss & Kimball, which has opened a plumbing shop on Waln street, opposite the Dickinson & Greenfield garage. "Up-to-the-minute" service is their motto.

—If you want frequent visits by the community nurse when you are ill be sure to support the work by a friendly word here and there. Also sign one of the blue books this week and become a charter member of the association. Dues are one dollar a year.

—At the Dartt Settlement Baptist church last Sunday Rev. Mr. Stevenson preached the baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class of the Charleston High School from the twelfth chapter of Hebrews, verse one to three. His subject was "Running the Race."

—Nearly $600 was realized from the minstrels for the benefit of the Athletic Association. The membership fees of the association have been increased to a substantial sum and preparations are being rapidly completed for opening the baseball season at an early date.

—Potatoes sold for 18 cents a bushel, wholesale, in a Michigan market last week. A year ago they were retailing at from $4 to $5 a bushel in this vicinity. Farmers declare that the acreage in the potato growing section of this county will be materially reduced this season.

—A total eclipse of the moon will occur to-night, or rather at an early hour to-morow morning. The moon will enter the shadow at three minutes after one o'clock and will be total at 2:24. The eclipse will disappear in forty-one minutes, and the moon be entirely out of the shadow at 3:05.

—Over 200 acres were burned over by a forest fire on Long Run in Gaines township on Tuesday. The fire burned fast and furious, being fed by pine slashings, and the fire wardens had a hard fight before they got it under control. It is thought that the fire was caused by the careless act of some fisherman.

—Last Thursday evening the Woman's Auxiliary enjoyed a most delightful social at the Legion Home. The losing side in the membership campaign, under the direction of Mrs. F. L. Patterson, furnished the entertainment and refreshments. New members were made welcome and a spirit of good fellowship prevailed.

—Frank R. Benjamin, the well known pharmacist at Howd's Corner Drug Store, has resigned his position on account of impaired health. Mr. Benjamin has been a faithful employe at this drug store for over a quarter of a century and it is earnestly hoped by hosts of friends that a well earned vacation will restore his health.

—The Wellsboro Shale Brick Company are now installing two machines at the plant at Stokesdale and two other machines are in transit and will be installed as soon as they arrive. The company expects to be manufacturing high grade brick by the end of the month. At the present they will manufacture only building brick.

—"If farmers could get as proportionately high prices for their products as they pay for the necessities of life they would be a happy lot of people," remarks an exchange. "One hundred-pound bull hides last week were netting only $2 apiece and heifers' hides only slightly more, at which rate it requires more than two hides to purchase one pair of shoes."

—The Williamsport Gazette and Bulletin says that Congressman Edgar R. Kiess has introduced bills at Washington to donate German cannon or field pieces to Hughesville, Galeton, Westfield, Coudersport, Lock Haven, Williamsport, Wellsboro, Ralston, Tioga, Blossburg, Jersey Shore, Picture Rocks, Montgomery, Montoursville, Muncy, Knoxville, Elkland, Shingle House and Mansfield.

—Misses Margaret Rohr and Virginia Pisoler, of Richwood, West Va., arrived here Tuesday to accept positions at E. E. Buck's merchant tailoring shop on East avenue. Both ladies have been in the employ of Mr. Buck for several years at Richwood, and when he closed his business at that place a few weeks ago they accepted his offer to return with him to Wellsboro, where he was formerly engaged in business.

—The blizzard traveling eastward struck southwestern New York State and northwestern Pennsylvania with a vengeance on Monday. The Williamsport Gazette and Bulletin says: "Wellsboro had a little snow and the storm seems to have broken there and sought a different direction, thus Central Pennsylvania escaped the severity of same. No snow between Williamsport and Wellsboro, but there were a few snow squalls."

Christian Science Services.

Odd Fellows' building, Main street, Wellsboro.

Sunday services at 11 a. m.

Sunday School at 9:45 a. m.

Subject for next Sunday, April 24, "Probation After Death"

TIMELY TIOGA TOPICS.

Humphrey House to Be Opened as a Tea Room—A New "Gift Shop."

Tioga, April 20.—"The Sign of the Lantern" is the name of a gift shop on Broad street, and the gifts are exquisite things of copper, brass and wood, hand wrought into lovely original designs of candle sticks, sconces, vases and ash trays. Everything is made at the shop which is, in itself, worth a day's journey to see.

Miss Isabel Sheldon was the guest of Mrs. John M. Peck the week-end.

Miss Virgeline Hughes returned to her home Saturday evening, after spending the week with Mrs. C. W. Sheldon in Wellsboro.

Mr. and Mrs. James Crawford, formerly of Elmira, have taken rooms at the residence of Mrs. Wells on Broad street, and are doing light housekeeping. Their daughter, Miss Ethel, who is in the June class of the Arnot-Ogden Nurses Training School, will join her parents after her commencement.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Stebbins have taken rooms for the summer at the home of Mrs. Shaw on Berry street, where they will be joined by their son, Lawrence, at the close of the Wellsboro High School.

Charles E. Lawrence and Orville Schoonover, of Knoxville, transacted business in Tioga last Tuesday.

Mrs. W. H. Taylor returned Monday evening from a four days' visit to her son, Chauncey Taylor, who is a student at the College of Pittsburg.

Humphrey House, the family home of J. M. Urell, will be thrown open to the public during the season as a tea room and inn, the opening to be early in May. This will be the first tea room that Tioga has ever had, although there has always been a demand for such a place.

J. M. Peck and Clarence Keeney are enjoying a week's fishing trip down Pine creek.

T. M. Urell, who has been under the care of a nerve specialist in Auburn, N. Y., for the past few weeks, is expected to return the last of this week, as he is much improved and hopeful of entire recovery, although doubtful of ever again being able to resume active business.

Next Monday evening the private dancing class will hold "open night" in Grange Hall, to which every one is cordially invited. Tickets will be on sale at the entrance door. An orchestra of five pieces is expected.

—According to the latest reports, Susquehanna county leads the State in purebred Holsteins. Susquehanna county has 2078 registered Holsteins, Bradford 1881 and Tioga county 1844. New York State leads the nation with 82,953 registered and Pennsylvania is fourth, with 26,375.

—A correspondent incidentally remarks that "W. B. Wilson is visiting at his summer home in Blossburg."

We Want Every Woman to Try

PENSLAR CRAMP BARK COMPOUND

A RELIABLE FEMALE TONIC

that is being used by many of our most discriminating patrons.

The constituents of Penslar Cramp Bark Compound are remedies which are highly recommended for the treatment of female weaknesses, and the formula is on the label. Try a bottle in keeping with the directions and we are sure you will be entirely satisfied.

Price, $1.00

Mortimer A. Kentch
PHARMACIST
Corner East Ave. and Main St.
WELLSBORO PA.

YOUNG BUSINESS MEN

Realize the Value of a Good Banking Connection

The officers of this Bank are especially desirous of being of service to the young men of this community who are establishing themselves in business.

We shall be glad to talk over your problems with you with a view of rendering any possible banking service.

The First National Bank
OF WELLSBORO, PA.

HARKNESS & SUHR
(Successors to Harkness & Borden)

Contractors and Builders
MILL WORK

Asphalt Shingles and Cedar Shingles

Full Line of Prepared Roofing, Beaver Board and Plaster Board.

Large Stock of Doors and Windows, Flooring, Ceiling, Siding, Etc.,

Portland and Plastering Cement and Lime.

A full line of House and Barn Paints, Roof Coatings and Varnishes, Builders' Hardware.

We Carry Everything Needed to Build With

Office 10 Charleston St., Wellsboro, Pa.

News From Lugg's of Interest to Everybody

Ladies' Spring Shoes

Ladies' Black or Brown Strap Pumps with military heels are special at $3.90.

Ladies' Black and Brown Oxfords with military heels are $4.50.

Black Kid Utz and Dun Oxfords with military heels are $6.90.

A Brown Oxford Tie with Louis heel is $7.50.

White Canvas Oxfords with military heels are $2.39.

A White Canvas Shoe with military heel is $2.50.

Men's Shoes and Oxfords at Low Prices

Something entirely new! A Dark Brown "Ball Strap" Oxford with rubber heel is an exceptionally good value at $5.00. Come in and see it.

Genuine Cordovan Oxfords are special at $8.50.

One lot of Walk-Over Oxfords is special at $5.00.

A Dark Brown Shoe with rubber heel is a good buy at $5.00.

Men's wide toe Black Vici Kid Shoe with rubber heel are $4.50.

Underwear At Attractive Prices

Ladies' Vests of fair quality 17c each.

Very good values in Vests in all styles at the low price of 25c and 35c.

A few Union Suits, not all sizes, are special at 69c.

An exceptionally good Union Suit, "Fitrite," is very low priced at 75c.

Misses Union Suits in all sizes are 69c and 85c.

Boy's Union Suits in athletic and knit styles are 75c and 95c.

New Lower Prices on Rugs

It's been a long, long time since we could offer Rugs at the low prices that are possible now. You can now feel free to buy all you need.

$59 and $69 Axminister Rugs, 9x12, are now $32.50 and $35.00.

8ft. 3in. x 10ft. 6in. Tapestry Rugs that were $45.00 are now $24.50.

A $95 Wilton Velvet Rug is now $65.

A complete stock of Curtain and Drapery material at new low prices is now being shown at this store.

A. W. LUGG & CO.
KNOXVILLE, PA.
Tioga County's Progressive Department Store

Cash Food Stores, Inc.
Main St., Wellsboro, Pa.
The Home of Good Goods at Honest Prices

FOUR-DAY FLOUR SALE

Flour has advanced since this price was made, but for the balance of the week we offer these prices:

Pillsbury's Best or Gold Medal

Bbl. Lots	49-lb Sack	½-lb. Sack
$9.85	$2.49	$1.28

Golden Light Bread Flour

EVERY SACK GUARANTEED

Bbl. Lots	49-lb Sack	½-lb. Sack
$9.25	$2.35	$1.20

Granulated Sugar	Best White Compound	Daisy White Leaf LARD	Lenox Soap
100 lbs. ..$8.85 10 lbs. ..89c	3 lbs. 31c	2 lbs. 29c	Small Bar 10 Bars 33c

Fruits and Vegetables

We have an unusually nice display. The quality and price is right.

Callie Hams, lb. 17c
Bacon Squares, lb. ...20c
Crisco, 1-lb. can 19c
Cheese, perfect flavor, 28c

A REMINDER

The first coupon on the permanent Fourth Liberty Bonds were due April 15th, 1921.

Owners of temporary bonds should have them exchanged now in order to obtain their April 15th coupon.

We have permanent bonds on hand and will gladly make the exchange for you over the counter, without charge.

Tioga County Savings & Trust Co.
THE BANK FOR ALL THE PEOPLE

The Gazette.

WELLSBORO, PA.

FRANK CONEVERY - Editor and Owner

THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1921.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

FOR SHERIFF,
EDMUND D. THORNTON,
of Wellsboro, Pa.

Subject to the decision of the Republican voters of Tioga county at the Primary Election to be held September 20, 1921. Your support and vote will be appreciated.

AMERICAN LEGION NOTES.

Proceedings of the Regular Meeting Held on Monday Evening.

The regular meeting of W. Earle Champagn Post was held at the Legion Home on Central avenue Monday evening. Following the opening ceremony the minutes of the Executive Board were read.

Since the last meeting the Executive Committee has approved the purchase of a quantity of fertilizer for the lawn of the Legion Home, and has purchased a post banner 4x5 in size, beautifully lettered with the name of the Post and the seal, and mounted on a flag pole with solid brass spread eagle at the head. This purchase was made from funds recently donated to the Post by Troop 3, Boy Scouts. It will be used on Memorial Day, with the Fife and Drum Corps equipment. Dan McCarthy has consented to organize and direct the Fife and Drum Corps.

Comrade Hall Olmstead has been appointed Mess Sergeant, with power to appoint his own K. P.'s. He took over this new work and is going to have a feed after every meeting. The next meeting is set for May 2, and as the Auxiliary meets on the same night the Mess Sergeant was instructed to arrange a small feed jointly with the Auxiliary.

Since the National Convention this year will be held at Kansas City, and as the Post funds are not limitless, it was decided that the delegate to the convention would be paid $100 toward his expenses, and that the delegate would be elected with this understanding. There are probably a number of members who will be glad of the opportunity to go to Kansas City for the convention and pay a part of their expenses. At least there was talk after the meeting of a possible escapade—some of the members considering buying a Ford and taking a "pup tent" and camping outfit and going to Kansas City in style.

The membership of the Post in the Chamber of Commerce was continued for the year 1921 and the dues paid. Favorable comment on the activities of the Chamber of Commerce was made by several members, and the American Legion being an organization pledged to community service felt obligated to assist the good work of the Chamber of Commerce.

Hereafter the reports of committees are required to be in writing, and will be filed with the records of the Post.

Employment has been secured for all members of the Post through the activities of an energetic Employment Committee.

The work of collecting donations from members of the Post has progressed rapidly, and a large fund has been collected. It will be forwarded to National Headquarters, from whence funds from all parts of the country will be forwarded to France to be used for decorating the graves of fallen comrades who are buried in foreign countries. Relatives of veterans buried overseas who desire any special decoration scheme for the grave may have their plans executed by the American Legion by handing the explanation of their ideas to Comrade Allen Johnson. Any person desiring to donate toward this fund for decorating graves of our comrades in foreign countries is welcome to do so.

Memorial Day plans are incomplete to date. The services of the American Legion have been offered to the G. A. R. and the Post will be glad to cooperate with the Civil War veterans in their celebration if they desire. If not, the Legion has offered to take the responsibility and make the plans for a fitting observance of the day. The G. A. R. is about to hold a meeting, when the decision will be made and announcement of the plans will follow.

The Post has decided to purchase a wrestling mat of the very best grade, suitable for use in the gymnasium which we hope some day Wellsboro will have. The mat will be purchased from the building funds, since it is to be used eventually in the new building.

The report of the War Risk Insurance officer showed that about 90 per cent of the Post have dropped their insurance entirely, about 30 per cent have dropped part of it, and 10 per cent still hold the $10,000, as allowed by the Bureau of War Risk Insurance law.

The advance agent of the "Mighty Doris and Col. Ferari Shows" will be in town this week to complete arrangements for the week of July 4th.

John P. Sherwood, who for a long time had been an inmate of the Soldiers' Home at Bath, died recently, and upon searching his effects the sum of $20,000 was found in a chair at the home, which he always occupied. He was supposed to have been destitute. He leaves no will and the money goes to relatives.

—The Tioga county nurseries at Asaph furnished the elms that were planted in Harrisburg, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh on Arbor day in memory of Pensylvania men and women who served in the world war. Soil from every county in the State collected by foresters was placed at the roots of each tree.

Gleanings From Gaines.

Gaines, April 20.—Miss Charity Head spent the week-end with Miss Genevieve Marsh at Marshlands.

Rev. Deighton motored to Hammondsport, N. Y., last Friday, returning on Saturday with his family, who have been visiting relatives and friends.

A fine new Blymer bell for the new church at Gaines has arrived.

H. Bookmiller, Jr., has a new Ford car.

A supper will be held in the town hall Thursday evening for the benefit of the Church Building Fund.

Rev. Deighton addressed an Epworth League rally at the Grace Methodist Church in Corning on Tuesday evening.

Hugh Marsh and family, of Galeton, spent the week-end with his mother and sister.

Big fish stories are being circulated but the biggest one always gets away.

"Community Nursing Association."

At a meeting of the Nursing Association Board held last Wednesday evening at the Library Assembly room Charles Harkness was elected Vice-President.

The committees appointed at the last meeting for the purpose reported on a Constitution and By-Laws for the Association. After some discussion as to details the report was accepted and the recommendation adopted.

It was decided that the name of the organization shall be "The Community Nursing Association."

Miss Ethel Cockburn, secretary, was instructed to secure proper record books for the association.

A committee of three was appointed to make investigations and later to make recommendations to the Board in regards to the employment of a nurse. The meeting was then adjourned to convene at the call of the president.

—Investigating reports of destitution at a coke plant near Uniontown, Pa., a committee of women found nine families virtually in want and each of the families owned an automobile. While money was rolling at a lively rate, the families purchased the machines and when work got slack, they were unable to dispose of them. The committee will assist in selling the automobiles and render other assistance. It is said that similar conditions exist in other sections of the coke field.

More Freight Moving on Central.

"Evidence that the freight business in general, and especially on the Pennsylvania Division of the New York Central railroad is picking up, is seen in the report of the company for last Saturday," says the Corning Evening Leader. "On this division last Saturday a total of 6,039 cars were made up into 22 trains, 11 moving each way out of Corning. This means the return to the service of additional crews to handle the trains.

"The 6,039 cars moved Saturday is representative of the improvement in shipping conditions, and is 2,000 cars a day more than were moved during the past few months. The normal number of cars, however, is between 8,500 and 9,000 cars a day."

We'll Test Your Battery

A test every two weeks is necessary even if you have a Willard Threaded Rubber Battery. You want to *know* that it is fully charged—that it is able to provide a quick start and bright light when wanted.

Drive around today. You'll know our place by the red Willard sign.

You'll find a full line of Willard Batteries here, and Willard Service—the kind you'd expect from the builder of a battery like the Willard. Ask about Threaded Rubber Insulation.

Battery Service Co.
5 Pearl St., Wellsboro

Willard Batteries

"UP-TO-THE MINUTE"

New Plumbing Shop

IN WELLSBORO.

Steam and Hot Air Heating, Sheet Metal and Sanitary Plumbing. All work guaranteed. All our repair work is done carefully and skillfully, and our charges are reasonable. We want your business. Give us a trial next time you need repairs

BLISS & KIMBALL
4 WALN STREET.

Quality Bread

Quality Built Our Success

Our many customers in Blossburg will back us in this statement.

Neither cut prices, sensational claims, nor a single trick of the trade, accounts for our big success of GOOD BREAD. Just out-and-out Quality; there's the story in a nut shell.

Bread that is delicious and rich in nourishment; bread that gives you full money's worth.

GET IT AT

Wellsboro Sanitary Bakery

DANCING SCHOOL

ARMORY HALL, WELLSBORO,

Every Tuesday & Friday Evening

INSTRUCTION FROM 8:30 TO 10:30

PROF. WM. McGRAIN

Address, Langwell Hotel, Elmira, N. Y.

BOOSTER WEEK! AT KNOXVILLE

The Greatest Event of the Year. Watch for Date

—Calvin S. Baxter, aged 60 years, a lifelong resident of Nelson, died at his home in that place last Friday. He had been in failing health for several years. The deceased is survived by two daughters—Mrs. Paul Davis, of Grand Forks, Dakota, and Mrs. Leland Smith, of Troy; also two sisters, Mrs. Susan Cass, of Mansfield, and Mrs. J. E. Hazlett, of Nelson. The funeral was held at the home Sunday afternoon, Rev. D. D. Goodrich officiating.

—Thomas F. Rogers, of Corning, has been retained by relatives of Miss Mary Budnick, of Morris Run, held by Elmira authorities on a charge of murder in the first degree. It is alleged that she is the slayer of her two weeks old baby.

Drain Tile.

Car just received. Pre-war prices. GEO. M. SPALDING. April 21-3t.

For Rent.

Five room st[illegible] furnished apartment, furnished. Address [illegible] care Gazette.

For Sale or Rent.

Farm of 86 acres for sale or rent. Good location. Inquire at 7 Purple street, Wellsboro, Pa. April [illegible]

Seed Potatoes for Sale.

Vermont Gold Coin seed potatoes, 75 cents per bushel. GEO. M. DURFEE, Wellsboro.—April 21-4t.

Nichols' Mammoth Hatchery.

Baby chicks and custom hatching. E. A. NICHOLS, Wellsboro, Pa., Fischler street, R. D. 7.—Feb. 24-tf

Young Cattle Wanted.

Yearlings, light weight, wanted at the Herrington & Cleveland market. Highest market price paid for choicest. March 10-tf.

Rose Bushes and Shrubs.

Fresh stock just arrived. Come and have first choice. Also a complete line of McKinley's 15c music. F. J. MOSHER, 5-10 and 15c Store, Wellsboro.—April 7-3t.

Fresh Eggs Wanted.

I will pay the highest market price in cash for strictly fresh CLEAN eggs. I have no market for dirty, undersized or stale eggs. D. C. SMITH.—Feb. 17-tf.

Tire Retreading and Vulcanizing.

Get your tires retreaded now before the auto season opens. [illegible] E. A. EVANS, 88 Fellows Ave. Farmers Phone 178.—March 10-tf.

For Sale, Rent or Exchange.

A good dairy farm with good buildings well watered, containing [illegible] acres. Will be sold on easy terms. W. E. EVANS, Lawrenceville, Pa. April 14-tf.

House for Sale.

Seven room house located on Woodland avenue. Equipped with electric light and city water. Call and see me if you are interested. Bell Phone, 3-J; Farmers' Phone, 124-W. E. G. CARSON.

We Pay Cash Delivered to Our Foundry.

Heavy Cast Iron, $[illegible]; Light Cast Iron, $14; Stove Plate, $12; Car wheels, steel, etc. EDWARDS FOUNDRY, Wellsboro, Pa.—Jan. 27-tf

Let Us Help You.

Right in the middle of house cleaning let us launder your bedspreads, blankets, quilts, curtains, washable rugs and carpets. All work carefully done upon modern machinery. WELLSBORO STEAM LAUNDRY. J. M. Simmons, Prop. Apr. 21-4t.

Notice to Delmar Taxpayers.

There was an error in the tax notices sent out by the collector. The receiving days will be in MAY instead of JUNE, same dates in May. Please read May instead of June. CHAS. LOPESTICK, Collector. Apr. 21-2t*

Cheaper Coal.

I will sell coal at the Rock Run mines for $3.00 per ton, at the mine, delivered in Wellsboro for $5.50. This coal is well cleaned and there is now a good road into the mines. Bell Phone [illegible] LOUIS KENDRICK. Jan. 26-tf

House for Sale.

House [illegible] on Tioga street for sale. Above high water mark. 174 ft. front, modern conveniences, room to build another house with lumber and stone on premises. Good chicken yard. Another lot on lower side of road with no car built, water and sewer connected. Inquire of JOHN L. LYNCH, Wellsboro.—Mar. [illegible]

For Sale.

Our mercantile business, located at Watrous, Pa., one mile from Gaines and ¼ mile from B. & S. Railroad station. Good shipping point. Good business, doing from $20,000 to $30,000 per year. Have had a very successful business for the past 15 years. No better country location in Tioga county. REINWALD BROS., Gaines, Pa. April 7-4t.

Notice.

The stockholders of the Niles Valley Cemetery Association will hold their regular annual meeting on the cemetery grounds, MONDAY, MAY [illegible], at 2 p. m., for election of trustees and officers for coming year and transaction of other business, especially the collection of money due the association from delinquents. HENRY WEDGE, Secretary. Apr. [illegible]

Notice of Proposed Ordinance.

Notice is hereby given that there was introduced in Borough Council of Wellsboro, April [illegible], and there will be presented for the same for final adoption in the Council room, Borough Building, on the [illegible] day of MAY, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., the following

AN ORDINANCE

To vacate a public street eighteen feet in width, from Queen street to the public park known as Parker Field, over lands of the Republican Advocate Publishing Company.

Section 1. Be it enacted and ordained by the authority of the Borough Council of the Borough of Wellsboro, and it is hereby enacted and ordained by the authority of the same, that a public street, to be known as "Parker Place," be and the same is hereby laid out and ordained between Queen street and the public park known as Parker field, which street is located as follows, to wit: Beginning at the corner of lands of Mrs. Louisa Dartt and the Republican Advocate Publishing Company on the southeasterly line of Queen street, thence by the line between lands of the said Mrs. Louisa Dartt and the Republican Advocate Publishing Company, northeasterly seven hundred sixty-two (762) feet to the public park of the Borough of Wellsboro known as Parker Field; thence along line between said Parker Field and lands of the Republican Advocate Publishing Company, northwesterly eighteen (18) feet; thence southwesterly and parallel to the aforesaid line between lands of Mrs. Louisa Dartt and lands of the Republican Advocate Publishing Company, about two hundred sixty-two (262) feet to Queen street; thence along the same southeasterly eighteen (18) feet to the place of beginning.

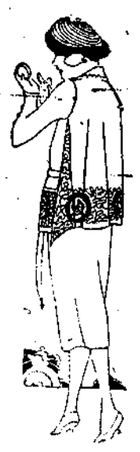
WATROUS, MARSH & CRICHTON,
Solicitors for Borough of Wellsboro.
April 21-3t

Cain-Bernkopf, Inc. | Showing NEWEST Styles First

Striving After Bigger Business

It is the earnest desire of this Store to grow, not so much to gratify our ambition for "bigness" but that we may render a more perfect service to the entire community.

Women's Unusual Spring Suits $14.50 to $69.50



Unusual because they are so much finer than is ordinarily possible for these prices. There is a style for every type of figure and every style has its original charm.

Some are mannishly tailored, possessing those long, slender lines which render a certain gracefulness to one's figure.

Others are more elaborate with braid and embroidery trimming, the embroidery being often in two or three colors. These are silk lined and have clever pocket effects.

Then there are Jersey Suits for every day wear that are exceptionally good values at $14.50 and $18.50, being made of good quality Jersey in a variety of colors and styles.

Both Capes and Coats Are Very Popular

Whether you have decided what you want in the way of a Wrap or whether you have waited to be convinced by new models, this collection holds in store a delightful revelation.

Aside from the beauty of the styles and materials, you will find that gratifying reflection of your own discriminating taste—the same attention to detail found in the much higher priced garments.

Among the favored materials are Velour, Polo Cloth, Normandie, Ramona, Satin, Tricotine and Serge.

$14.50 to $49.50

Spring and Summer Voiles

That Make Those Beautiful Costumes That Fashion Ordains

Women who have not already made their Summer Dresses will be glad to know of a new shipment of beautiful Voiles that we have just received. This new lot seems to be even more charming in designs and colorings than those shown earlier in the season.

There are plenty of large and small all over designs in figures and floral effects with light and dark backgrounds as well as Georgette and Satin Stripe patterns.

Every conceivable color and color combination is here represented.

50c to $1.50

PETTICOATS

Taffetas, Silk Jerseys and Highest Grade Safeens

$1.98 to $8.50

That new Suit or Dress is not altogether complete without one of the beautiful new Petticoats, and the prices are most reasonable.

THAT NEW SKIRT

Beautifully Tailored or Pleated Serges in Navy or Black

$5.75 to $12.50

SMART PLAID SKIRTS

A wonderful range of color combinations. Pleated or tailored.

$5.75 to $19.50

How Can You Tell the Value of a Corset?

Warner's Rust Proof Corsets

A Corset is somewhat like a shoe—you must wear it to know its real usefulness and comfort.

It is after months of hard wear that you really appreciate a Warner's Rust-Proof. It continues to fit, it does not lose its good lines; it may be washed when it is soiled and be just as good as ever; it stays comfortable; it is truly satisfactory.

$1.50 to $5.00

Every Warner's is Guaranteed not to Rust, Break or Tear.

SILK GLOVES Are Much Wanted Now

We are ready with a complete line of "Kayser" and "Fownes" makes. Among the newest are found the very attractive Gauntlet Gloves with Queen Elizabeth cuff, in various shades and stitchings.

$2.50 and $2.98

Short Silk Gloves are here in some new and fashionable shades, including White, Pongee, Gray, Beaver, Mastic, Navy, Slate, Putty, etc. The stitchings are of same or contrasting color.

98c and $1.98

Forest Mills UNDERWEAR For Women

The wise Underwear choice of women who appreciate the best. Truly feminine in its appeal.

Separate Garments
25c to 98c
Union Suits
50c to $1.25

Spring and Summer SHIRTS For Men

$1.25 to $5.75

Think of getting a good shirt for $1.25 a year or two ago.

Yet to-day we have a splendid assortment of first class, full cut, soft cuff Shirts of a good quality Percale.

Others of superior quality Madras and finest Percales in a range of pleasing patterns and color combinations, priced at

$1.50 to $5.75

MEN'S HOSE

25c

A good grade cotton Hose in light and medium weight. Colors are Navy, Cordovan, Grey, Palm Beach, White and Black.

MEN'S SILK HOSE In Fashionable Shades.

A new lot of Silk Hose in colors that well dressed men will want, including Navy, Cordovan, Green, Suede, Grey, as well as Black and White.

50c to $1.50

Spring's Newest MILLINERY

The newest ideas in Hats are fairly alive with a charm that is appealing.

The piquant lines of the new Hats, their coquettish trimmings, their brilliant color schemes all make their appeal.

They are the highest type of feminine adornment with individuality and chic.

$3.98 to $9.98

Women's SILK STOCKINGS

89c to $2.98

The low prices of Silk Hosiery have increased their always great popularity and we are selling great quantities of

KAYSER, MERRILL AND ONYX
Silk Hosiery for Spring

In Black, Brown, Gray, White, Navy, Green, Gold, etc. Plain, fancy drop stitch and lace effects.

Children's GINGHAM DRESSES

In Plaids, Checks and plain colors with White collars and cuffs. Others with collars and cuffs of same material. Trimmed with buttons and sashes. Sizes, 7 to 14 years.

1.50 to $3.98

Children's WHITE DRESSES

In Voile and Organdie, trimmed with Lace or ruffles. Some have sashes of same material and others have ribbon sashes of either Blue, Pink or White. Sizes, 7 to 14 years.

$1.98 to $9.50

Cain-Bernkopf Inc.
WELLSBORO—PA.

PAY CASH AND PAY LESS

Aviator Smith Will Provide Thrills.

Leon Smith, better known as "Windy," has signed contracts with the Corning Chamber of Commerce to put on airplane thrillers Labor Day at Denison Park in that city, when the annual farmers' and community picnic is held. A young woman will make parachute drops from his airplane and the same young woman will stand erect on the top 'plane, her feet strapped to the plane, while Aviator Smith loops-the-loop. Aviator Smith is now in Lawrenceville making ready one of his airplanes which he will use this season.

—Subscribe for the Gazette $200

WALKER LEWIS

Philadelphia Eyesight Specialist

Special Low Prices ON ALL

GLASSES

Owing to the big reduction in the cost of glasses, I am able to make you a fine pair of reading or sewing glasses for $2.50. This includes a fine guaranteed gold filled frame, good case and expert examination, Complete. Special ground lenses ALWAYS at lowest prices.

Two Days Only, FRIDAY & SATURDAY, Apr. 22 & 23

Hours: Friday from 10:30 to 8 Saturday from 9 to 5

Don't fail to take advantage of this remarkable offer.

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As a Modern Filipino Actually Looks

There are hundreds of thousands of this type of young men in the Philippines. They are to be the future rulers of the destinies of the islands.

The Filipino has been much misrepresented in the United States. This is largely because the Sunday supplements have made a specialty of portraying the semi-naked non-Christian hill tribes as "typical" Filipinos, which is far from the truth.

The total population of the Philippines is 10,350,640, of which 9,495,272 are Christians and civilized, and have been so for 300 years, possessing a culture and refinement that will compare favorably with that of other countries. The number of non-Christians is 855,368, and only a small percentage of them are uncivilized. They are fast becoming educated, and will ultimately make good citizens.

Seventy per cent of the inhabitants of the Philippines over ten years of age, according to the last census, are literate. This is a higher percentage of literacy than that of any South American country, higher than that of Spain, and higher than that of any of the New Republics of Europe whose independence is being guaranteed by the Allies.

Reformers Three

Crew of the John Henry Devise Scheme to Cure Cook of Belief He Is so Handsome That He Is Irresistible.

(Copyright by the Adams Newspaper Service, New York.)

By EARL DERR BIGGERS.

"It's bein' 'andsome, that's wot does ," announced the cook of the John enry, "that an' liberality." He was olding forth to the assembled crew the secret of his winning way with e ladies. "When I walks through the reets, they follers me, they does," e continued, "they're that took up. n' as soon as I buys 'em a little inket or somethink, they loses their ads entirely. I've 'ad some o' 'em ll me I was the 'andsomest man ey ever seen."

"They was drunk," growled old Dan- l sourly; "wimmin allus loses their ste in sich matters when they're the orse fer licker."

"They was sober," contradicted the ok; "as sober as you'd be ef they as no sich thing as strong drink. n' they says, 'You're the 'andsomest an—'"

"'Andsome is as 'andsome does," terrupted the boy, "an' I ain't ever ard o' your doin' very 'andsome by y o' your friends. Where's the liballity you was talkin' about?"

"I give you tupence onct," respond- the cook; "wot'd ye do with it?" The boy snickered.

"Wot'd ye think I done with it?" he quired, "put it in the Bank o' Eng- nd fer the beginning o' a great rtin'? I spent it. I bought the Atntic fer a private swimmin' pool."

"You'd better 'ave a care 'ow you lk to your elders," the cook warned m, "or you'll be testin' your pool ore you knows it."

The cook was the only man aboard whom the boy dared talk back, and made the most of it.

"You better 'ave a care 'ow you ast," he sneered, "or I'll rule you off y ocean."

"E's been goin' on about 'em," old aniel complained, "till we've all be n to wish they never was any."

The cook gave him a scornful look. "Where'd you be without wimmin?" inquired, "where'd we all be, I sks you that?" And he glared round e circle

"In the garden o' Eden pluckin' r meals off the trees," replied the d man, who was a cynic as well as A. B., "an' not nine hours from apping an' a crool, 'artless world."

"As I was sayin'," went on the ok hastily, "I expects to see one o' ese fairies I knows in Wapping rty as a pictur' she is. Fine yaller r an' bright red cheeks. An' she wery good taste. She says I'm a ost 'andsome man."

"It's 'ard to understand," said old aniel, winking at Peter Smith.

"An' when you lads are drinkin' your er alone an' in solitude," continued e cook, "I'll be sittin' there with r arm around 'er waist, tellin 'er mean you all are."

And with this prophecy he deserted e forecastle for the galley.

"E's a bad 'un," said Daniel when e heartbreaker had gone, "an' a ry good sort 'e'd be, too, ef it sn't fer 'is runnin' arter the wimn."

"It 'urts 'is repputation," Joe Mar- added; "you'd think as 'e'd know ough to let wimmin alone, bein' as 'e's a married man."

"Wot 'e needs is a lesson," said Dan- sternly, "a lesson that'll show 'im e evil o' 'is ways. An' we're the es to give it to 'im."

"Wot's your plan?" the others inired.

"I ain't 'ad time to think it out very careful yet," the old man returned, "but the main pints is as follows: Cook tells me as 'ow 'e intends to meet this yaller-aired friend o' 'is at the Golden Cloud in Wapping tomorrow evenin' at seven. Now, my plan is fer a few o' us to take cook to the Golden Cloud tomorrow arternoon, an' git 'im so drunk afore seven that 'e won't know 'is friend from the dowager empress o' China. Then in the mornin' we'll tell 'im 'e married 'er the night before."

"It's a good scheme, except for one wery important thing," Peter Smith remarked, "an' that is, 'oo pays fer the licker cook gits drunk on?"

"We do," old Daniel answered, and then raised his hand to quiet the roaring shout of approval, "but," he explained, "we takes it out o' Cook's pocket on the way back to the ship. 'E ort to be glad to pay a few shillings to 'ave a bad 'abit broke?"

No further objections being offered, Daniel's scheme was unanimously adopted, and the conspirators sought their bunks.

Early the next morning the roofs of Wapping appeared on the horizon, and a little later the John Henry dropped anchor outside the harbor. Domestic duties confined the cook to the vessel, and it was nearly six o'clock in the evening when the three impatient reformers lowered him into the ship's boat and headed for the distant shore.

Arriving at the Golden Cloud, they realized that they must make up for lost time, and the liberality with which drinks were ordered was a revelation to the astonished cook.

The journey to the ship was a difficult one. When they had almost reached the wharf old Daniel suddenly sat down in the road and bemoaned the fact that he had lost his breath.

"It's like losin' a bottle o' whisky," he remarked, laughing weakly at his own wit.

After much trouble they got their fallen brother over the side and into his bunk, then sought their own. A moment later they added their voices to the symphony of snores that made hideous the forecastle version of the stilly night.

At five o'clock the next morning the cook spoke. His was the voice of one who has sought the world and come away saddened by the contact, of one who croons over a regrettable past, and the bright treasures buried there.

"Go to sleep, you fool," roared Daniel from his bunk.

"Sleep nothin'," groaned the cook. "I can't find my money."

He got out of his bunk and, going over to the table, paused, like a star in a spotlight, in a gray sheet of morning twilight that filtered through the hatchway.

By this time the men were sitting up in their bunks.

"Wot's the matter with you?" Daniel wanted to know; "you gave it to your wife. 'Ave you fergot so soon?"

"Wife?" the cook answered. "Wife? Why, I ain't seen 'er fer two years."

Daniel cleared his throat, and the men leaned forward open-mouthed.

"I don't mean that un," he said loudly. "I means the un wot you married last night."

The cook gave one gasp, then sank limply into a chair.

"The one I wot?" he shrieked.

"There's none so blind as them as will not ear," returned Daniel testily; "the wife you married last night, I said. Over in Wapping."

"Wapping," repeated Cook blankly; "Wapping. That's where the first one used to live."

"Maybe you married 'er again," Joe Martin put in, but the cook shook his head vehemently.

"No," he said firmly, "there ain't no man on earth unlucky enough to marry 'er twict. Onct maybe, but not twict."

"Don't worry on that score," Daniel reassured him; "it weren't 'er. It was your yaller-aired friend. Purty as a pictur', you know, with bright red cheeks. Peter, wot's the penalty fer bigamy?"

"Seven years," answered Peter promptly.

"But I was the worse fer licker," groaned the cook.

"They doubles it in that case," said the old man cruelly; "two times seven is a wery 'ard punishment," he ended lamely. Mathematics was not his specialty.

The cook laid his head on the table and moaned brokenly. "Married! Married to that!" Then suddenly he rose in his wrath and the forecastle trembled.

"And you let me do it?" he roared; "you stood by an' let me do it? Fine friends you are—"

"Old on, my lad," interrupted Peter Smith, "old on. We couldn't 'elp ourselves. Fought with you like tigers, we did. But you was set on gettin' married."

The shadow of a suspicion crossed the cook's face.

"Where'd I git the license?" he demanded; 'oo performed the ceremony? 'Oo, I say?"

"Let this be a lesson to you," put in Daniel hastily, "leave wimmin alone, my lad. They're a bad lot. Stick to—"

But here he was interrupted by a mad shriek from Joe Martin, who was wildly searching his trousers' pockets.

"Where's my watch?" he roared.

Daniel turned to investigate and followed suit.

"Where's mine?" he bellowed.

"An' my money?" continued Joe.

"An' mine—two months' pay?" followed Daniel.

Here the attention of the company was called to Peter Smith, who sat, a doleful object on the edge of the bunk, his trousers' pockets outward, on his knees.

"She 'ad yaller' air," he said brokenly, "an' I trusted 'er."

At that instant an expression of understanding came into the cook's eyes.

"I begins to remember now," he said slowly.

"Remember wot?" they inquired.

"My weddin'," Cook responded; "wot a dainty little affair it was, to be sure! An' 'ow sweet the bride looked when Daniel 'ere stepped up an' kissed 'er an' give 'er 'is watch—"

"Give er wot?" shouted the late reformer.

"'Take it,' you says, 'take it, my dear. An' 'ere's a little money—a mere trifle—two months' pay—take that an' welcome, an' may God bless you.' An' then Joe 'ere—"

"You damn fool you!" cried the enraged Daniel, "they never was no weddin'!"

"Joe 'ere," continued the cook, "'e steps up an' 'ands over 'is watch an' money. Wanted to give 'er 'is shirt, too, but I stopped 'im."

"You lie!" bawled Joe.

"An' then came Peter Smith, cryin' because 'e didn't 'ave more to give. 'Take wot I 'ave,' says 'e, 'an' my good wishes—"

But by this time the trio had climbed into their clothes, and were fighting as to which should reach the deck first. Their faces were a study in black.

"Let this be a lesson to you," the cook called after them; "leave wimmin alone, my lads. They're a bad lot."

He turned on his heel and went about his duties, computing the cost of his experience. He chuckled slyly to himself.

And although his head was very large and his sight very blurred, he was cheerfully whistling "God Save the King" when he reached his post in the galley.

Important Medical Discovery.

Great possibilities have been suggested by the method of making new blood discovered by Dr. W. J. Penfold of the Australian Commonwealth Serum Institute, London. In preparing diphtheria and other serums, the plasma or fluid of the blood drawn from horses has been separated after the red corpuscles have settled, and the latter have been thrown away. Conceiving that this practice might be improved, Doctor Penfield returned the red corpuscles into the veins of a horse that had been bled. The result of this injection was an astonishing quickening of the formation of new blood, and, while the normal average of blood in a horse is 38 quarts, it was found that 50 quarts in a week could be drawn from the animal without lessening vitality more than the usual smaller bleeding. The composition of the blood was not materially affected. Following the first experiment, the red corpuscles have been returned to the entire 30 or 40 horses bled in the institute, and the effect is the same in all.

Lightship's Perilous Voyage.

Ships were imperiled when Nantucket Shoales beacon, the leading mark for transatlantic shipping making port at New York, was torn from its lonely and important station by a hurricane. After inquiry from several ships that missed the floating beacon and almost anxious search by a wireless combing of the seas, the mystery of the lightship's disappearance was solved when she put in at New Bedford. The lightship had been thirty-six hours making port on a run of 100 miles. The hurricane, which blew her away and snapped the moorings, reached a velocity of ninety miles an hour. Mate L. O. Johnson, her keeper, said that it was much as he and his fifteen men could do to hold their own. Light vessels are not built for speed, and their emergency equipment is not often called on.

Microbes in Sugar Bowl.

About one per cent of the Cuban sugar crop, valued at $1,500,000, is each year destroyed by greedy micro-organisms too small to be seen except when congregated in crowds of millions. Molds and bacteria are the culprits. It is estimated that each person in the United States consumes 81.84 pounds of sugar each year. At this rate, 873,000 persons could be supplied with the sugar destroyed by germs. The sugar loses its sweetness when the molds consume the sucrose, its "sweetening" principle.

Boom in Divorce Cases.

St. Gall, Switzerland.—So many divorce petitions have recently been filed in the local district court that the presiding judge requested the Cantonal government to appoint one or two special judges to handle the divorce cases.

BEAUTY ITS LURE

Under Wonderful Charm Zanzibar Conceals Deadly Rage.

Great Metropolis of East Coast of Africa Attracts Wanderers From All Civilized Countries.

Aden, from which I had but recently departed, is a man grown gaunt and rugged in honest strife, but Zanzibar is a courtezan, whimsical, gay, sullen, presenting many aspects, writes William Ashley Anderson in Harper's Magazine.

Warm, rich, beautiful, concealing with dissembling art its sinister spots, it lavishes its charms, intoxicates with its beauty, smothers with its opulence; or suddenly, after a smoldering silence, it rends itself with rage. The screaming tornado rips its garments of verdure to tatters, bony-fingered pestilence goes leering down its dark alley ways, fever shakes the life out of its victims. And afterward, the bright sun sparkles upon the rain-washed foliage, and the island smiles again with the innocent radiance of a maiden.

Zanzibar town is the metropolis of the east coast. It is Rome to the dusky pilgrim; it is Paris to the reckless wanderers from the Bantu folk of Cape Delado to the sons of the corsairs of Oman. Its clubs; its coffee shops; its cinemas; its dark, arched rooms where dusky belles from India, Arabia, the Somali coast, and Zanzibar giggle and shrill and dance monotonous dances; its spreading mango trees under whose shelter the torches burn, and the tom toms beat the measure of night-long ngoma; its shops tumbling with riches of roughly carved ivory and ebony, or hammered Cingalese silver and gems; its bazaars, gaudy with cheap cloth—kikoys, hodrunks, kanzas—bright with prints of flags and ships and emblems of royalty; the great ships lying in its roads, pouring into the lap of black Africa the increasing luxuries of Europe; the dhows bearing commerce from the Persian gulf, the Seychelles, and Madagascar—all, all and more, contribute to the renown and lure of Zanzibar.

My huge old Arab house had the reputation of being haunted. Unfortunately, I cannot prove this; but every night at two in the morning I awakened and lay for many minutes listening to the few faint sounds that tapped musically upon the bell of silence—the everlasting whispers and laughter of the waves upon the beach, the tap-tap-tap of death's head beetles in the berities of the ceiling, the rustling movement of rats, the clear silver tinkle of ships' bells in the harbor, the unexpected rattle of a chain far off the plaintive strain of a lemur, the stirring of palm fronds outside my window.

Turning my head, I could look out through the porticos across the water, silvery under the moon, with red and white and green lights glowing from the gray shadows of ships. A pale brooding moon sometimes gazed at me from behind a fan of palms; and then ghosts would truly stir about me, tender, ministering ghosts—memories of other days and dim vagrams that may yet come true. In their arms I'd sink again to sleep.

Youthful Soldier of Fortune.

A real soldier of fortune who became a commissioned officer in the Polish army at the age of sixteen, after having returned only five months ago to the United States and "civies," could no longer resist the call of the khaki and the buzz, and in consequence enlisted as a "buck" private at the United States army recruiting headquarters. This youthful hero of campaigns against the Germans and Bolsheviki is Josef Zalot, nineteen years old. In 1917 he joined the Polish volunteers, after being educated in Philadelphia his native city, and was commissioned a second lieutenant at Camp Niagara, Ontario, Canada. After considerable fighting at Rheims and the Champagne country, followed by the armistice he studied at a French school of arms. He accompanied General Haller's army in the spring of 1919 to the Polish front to fight against the Russians, and at the end of that campaign returned home. He is now a buck private in the Eighteenth infantry at Camp Dix, New Jersey, studying for commission as a second lieutenant.

Repairing a Buckled Ship.

In the great explosion at Halifax the British ship Calgarian had her back broken. When the vessel was refloated it was found that she was buckled to the extent of nine feet two inches at the bow and six feet six inches at the stern. It is said that, as one says the Scientific American, she was temporarily repaired and brought to New York, where she was put in dry dock, and the water was pumped out until she touched the blocks and all ships. Next the plating on both sides of the ship was cut at the point where the vessel had broken, and more water was pumped in until such time as she settled gently down upon the keel blocks and the vessel was once more straight. The task of joining the two parts was comparatively simple.

Shetland Copper Mines Open.

At a time when there is a surplus of copper available in the market it is of interest to note that copper mines have been opened in Shetland where a Belgian expert reports that there are rich deposits. A squad of Cornish miners are working under Cornish engineers and with modern machinery which has been installed. Ore containing 12 to 15 per cent of copper is being extracted—London Times.

Reassurance.

"Look here," demanded the new patron of the Dizzy Hour lunchroom, "When do I get that order?"

"Control yourself," snapped Romeo the waiter. "The cooks are on strike, but I think they'll come to an agreement 'most any hour now."—American Legion Weekly.

EARLY DAYS OF RAILROADING

Horse and "Locomotive Engine" Were Used Indiscriminately on Same Line of Rails.

Certain of the regulations in force on the earliest railways built in Pennsylvania read very queerly in these days. When the commonwealth opened the Philadelphia and Columbus railway, the theory was that the state furnish the roadway and that one who pleased could furnish his own vehicle and motive power, and use the railway whenever he wished by paying the state tolls for its use, just as the turnpikes of the day were used.

It was soon discovered, however, that a certain character of vehicle was needed, and that rules and regulations as to times and manner of using the railways were absolutely necessary to effect their successful operation. Here are some adopted by the canal commission for the regulation of the railway, which may be of interest:

"Section 92. No Car shall carry a greater load than three tons on the Columbia and Philadelphia railway, nor more than three and one-half tons on the Portage railway, nor shall any burden car travel at a greater speed than five miles per hour, unless the car body and load shall be supported on good steel springs.

"Section 108. It shall be the duty of the conductors of cars moving with less speed upon the railways, upon notice by ringing a bell, blowing a horn or otherwise, of the approach of a locomotive engine or other cars moving in the same direction at a greater speed, to proceed with all possible dispatch to the first switch in the course of their passage, and pass off said track until said locomotive engine or other cars moving at a greater speed can pass by. The conductors of the slower cars are directed to open and close the switches so as to leave them in proper order. Any person who shall refuse or neglect to comply with the provisions of this regulation shall, for every offense, forfeit and pay the sum of ten dollars."

It must have been a very interesting sight, indeed, when the horse and the "locomotive engine" were used indiscriminately on the same track, and were struggling for supremacy as the future motive power of our railways, and the approach of a locomotive was heralded by the tooting of a horn. Even at that time the right of way was given to the fast horse.

Putting One Over.

Within a few miles of Indianapolis, a father and son owned adjoining farms. The father, old and experienced in the ways of farming, was in the habit of holding himself up as a model to the son in the way of early production of vegtables for the market.

One summer each had a large field of tomatoes on either side of the highway.

Coming to market early in the season, and seeing some fine tomatoes the son conceived the idea of "fooling" father.

"Taking home a fine big tomato, he got a wire hairpin and pinned the tomato in a most conspicuous place, on a tomato vine whose fruit had not yet begun to ripen.

Soon the father spied it and said, excitedly: "Say, did you know that your tomatoes are getting ripe already?" "Oh, yes," replied the son, unconcernedly, "aren't yours?" The father admitted that his crop had not begun to ripen and after a moment's silence he said: "By heck, you beat me this time."

Aiding Blinded Soldiers.

More than twenty-three thousand men with damaged sight were discharged from the British army at the end of the war, according to the authorities of St. Dunstan's Hostel for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors. The organization has been working for five years on the problem of rehabilitating those men, and thousands of blinded men have been returned to productive industry.

The men are taught massage, poultry, farming, mat making, basket making, boot repairing, joinery and music. Many efficient stenographers, telephone operators and typists have been trained at St. Dunstan's and are now working at regular employment in London offices.

The stenographers have a special machine which records Braille figures on a tape which the stenographer later reads in transcribing his notes.

The organization also extends to the colonies, and St. Dunstan's men are now to be found in every part of the world.

France Dooms Wild Boars.

There are still considerable numbers of wild boars and even wolves in France.

This was revealed in a recent discussion in the chamber of deputies on the estimates for the ministry of agriculture. Two deputies affirmed that wild boars cause much damage while a third insisted that one of their champion asking if it was not time "to give a fear."

Before the war boar hunting was a favorite, although a somewhat dangerous form of sport, and at Christmas time it was usual for boar steaks to be served in restaurants. Even last Christmas one or two boars made their way to the kitchens of restaurants and hotels.

Provincialism.

"What kind of a place is this, anyhow?" said the stranger, as he ordered the porter to get him a berth on the 7:29 and to be sure that it was a lower berth, near the middle of the car.

"We kind of like it," the porter replied taking the stub of a pencil from behind his ear. "Ain't there anything doin' in your line here?"

"Oh, yes—as much as I could expect, I guess; but you're old-fashioned. You're away behind the procession. Right out on Main street there's a candy store that's not run by a Greek."—Exchange.

Flax in Australia.

Flax raising in Australia has passed the experimental stage and the industry is becoming firmly established.

DIES POOR, HAS $10,000 TOMB

Once Wealthy Art Broker, Who Dies Penniless, to Lie in Stately Mausoleum.

Newark, N. J.—The body of Samuel Collins, seventy-five, who died virtually penniless in a hospital here from pneumonia, will be placed in a $10,000 mausoleum at Stroudsburg, Pa., which he built for himself and members of his family years ago.

Frederick Kerr, a local art dealer, said Mr. Collins formerly was a leading art dealer and broker, and at one time had been engaged by J. P. Morgan to collect works of art. During his career, Mr. Collins handled art transactions involving nearly $5,000,000, Keer said.

In a furnished room occupied by Collins was a bank book showing a balance of 87 cents. Collins' body remained unclaimed at the morgue several days.

COMING SOON

United Doctors Specialist

will again be at

Wellsboro, Pa.

COLES HOTEL

SATURDAY, APRIL 30th

One Day Only, 10 a. m. 8 p. m.

Remarkable Success of Talented Physicians in Treatment of Chronic Diseases.

Offer Services FREE of Charge

The United Doctors Specialist, licensed by the State of Pennsylvania for treatment of diseases of the stomach, intestines, liver, blood, skin, nerves, heart, spleen, rheumatism, sciatica, tapeworm, leg ulcers, weak lungs. Those afflicted with long standing deep seated diseases that have baffled the skill of the family physician should not fail to call, for so great and wonderful has been their results that many former patients state it is hard to find the dividing line between skill and miracle.

According to their system no more operations for appendicitis, gall stones, goitre, tumors, piles, etc., as all cases accepted will be treated without operation or hypodermic injection, as they were among the first to earn the name of "Bloodless Surgeons" by doing away with all pain in the successful treatment of these dangerous diseases.

If your case is incurable they will give you such advice as may relieve and stay the disease. Do not put off this duty. A visit at this time may help you. It costs nothing.

Married ladies must come with their husbands and minors with their parents.

Laboratories: Milwaukee, Wis.

Executor's Notice.

Estate of JAMES HORNSBY, late of Chatham, Tioga county, Pa., deceased. Letters testamentary upon the estate having been granted to Owen Hornsby, of Little Marsh, Pa., all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims against the same to present them to the undersigned, or to Rockwell, Rockwell & Rockwell, Wellsboro, Pa.

OWEN HORNSBY,
March 31, 1921-6t* Executor.

Administratrix Notice.

Letters of administration on the estate of CHARLES L. HASTINGS, late of Wellsboro, Tioga county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, by the Register of said county, Notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to pay the same at once, and all persons having claims against said estate are requested to present the same to the undersigned.

HATTIE E. HASTINGS,
Administratrix.
April 14-6t* Main St., Wellsboro

In the matter of the Estate of William J. Raker, late of Liberty Borough, Tioga County, Pennsylvania, a presumed decedent.

TO WILLIAM J. RAKER:

You are hereby notified and required on or before August 1, 1921, to produce in Court satisfactory evidence of your continuance in life, and you are further notified that if such evidence is not produced before said date, the decree of the Orphans' Court of Tioga County made on April 4, 1921, shall be confirmed absolutely, and letters testamentary will be issued on your estate as you were naturally dead.

SHERWOOD & OWLETT,
April 7-4t. Attorneys for Hattie J. Reed

Administrator's Notice.

Letters of administration on the estate of SOLON T. WEST, late of Middlebury township, Tioga county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, by the Register of said county, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to pay the same at once, and all persons having claims against said estate are requested to present the same to the undersigned.

L. J. WEST,
Administrator,
March 17-6t. Tioga, Pa., R. D. 1.

Administrators' Notice.

Estate of EDWARD J. FAULKNER, late of Chatham, Tioga county, Pennsylvania, deceased. Notice is hereby given that letters of administration upon the estate of said decedent have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands against the same will make them known without delay to

CARRIE A. FAULKNER,
EARL CARPENTER,
April 7-6t Administrators.

Notice of Application for Charter.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made by Frank Vanliusen, George Homes, A. D. Allen, et al., to the Court of Common Pleas of Tioga county, Pa., on May 2, 1921, at 2 o'clock p. m., under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of certain Corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "The Osceola Grange, of Osceola, Pa., No. 967," the character and object whereof is the general promotion of agriculture and horticulture, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

ROCKWELL, ROCKWELL & ROCKWELL,
April 14, 1921-3t. Solicitors.

Amendment of Charter.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Tioga county, Pennsylvania, No. 259, May Term, 1921. Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the said Court on Monday, May 2, 1921, at 2 p. m., under the Act of the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of certain Corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the approval of certain amendments to the Charter of THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH OF WELLSBORO, PENNA., as set forth in the petition for the allowance of said amendments, filed in said court. The petition is now on file in the Prothonotary's office.

ROCKWELL, ROCKWELL & ROCKWELL,
Solicitors. April 7-3t.

Amendment of Charter.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Tioga county, Pennsylvania, No. 263, May Term, 1921. Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the said Court on Monday, May 2, 1921, at 2 p. m., under the Act of the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of certain Corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the approval of certain amendments to the Charter of THE GREEN FREE LIBRARY OF WELLSBORO, PENNA., as set forth in the petition for the allowance of said amendments, filed in said court. The petition is now on file in the Prothonotary's office.

ROCKWELL, ROCKWELL & ROCKWELL,
Solicitors. April 7-3t.

County Bond Sale.

In compliance with a resolution of the Board of Commissioners of Tioga county, Pennsylvania, adopted April 4, 1921, the said county of Tioga offers for sale bonds of the said county issued for the purpose of paying extraordinary expenses, incident to the improvement of highways in the county of Tioga, in the approximate amount of two hundred thousand dollars, consisting of two hundred bonds of the par value of one thousand dollars each, to be issued May 1, 1921, due serially, $20,000 each year, on and after May 1, 1922, bonds payable in consecutive order, beginning with bond number one, bearing interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually on May 1 and November 1, and registered in the name of the owner in the office of the Commissioners of said Tioga county.

Bids for these bonds will be received at the office of the Commissioners of Tioga county at any time before SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1921, at twelve o'clock noon. All subscriptions must be in writing and must state the amount of said bonds desired by the bidder, and the price offered therefor. No bids of less than par will be considered. All bids must be accompanied by a cash deposit, or a certified check in favor of the County Treasurer to the amount of ten per cent. of the bid, as a guaranty of good faith.

Further information can be obtained on application to the County Commissioners.

JAMES CRAWFORD,
FRED G. BROWN,
HARRY C. MOORE,
Commissioners of Tioga County.
April 7-3t

TYPEWRITERS!

Used and Released by U. S. Government.

Remington No. 6, or 7 (blind)	$14.50
Remington No. 10, visible, 2-color ribbon	45.00
Underwood No. 4, one-color ribbon	35.00
Underwood 4, 2-color ribbon, back spacer	52.50
Royal No. 1, one-color ribbon	35.00
Royal No. 5, 2-color ribbon	47.50
Oliver No. 3 $15.00 Oliver No. 5	22.50
Oliver No. 9 35.00 Monarch 2 and 3	37.50
Smith-Premier 10, Linotype Keyboard, rebuilt	95.00

Guaranteed in good used condition all ready for long hard service. Satisfaction guaranteed or purchase price refunded. Which size type will you have, Pica or Elite. Orders filled promptly.

Ribbons, any color or colors, for any make of Machine, each 75c delivered. State make and model. Carbon paper per box of 100 sheets $1.95 delivered.

EMPIRE TYPE FOUNDRY,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Welcome News!

The store sale bill tells them the particulars of your coming sale, appeals to the natural instinct of women to buy at bargain prices.

These sale bills should convey no intimation of cheapness—in the printing and paper. We do not suggest extravagance; merely the logical attitude to adopt in sending out printed announcements—that subtle something in makeup that gives no occasion to suspect cheapness or question veracity. Extravagant offers presented by a poorly attired representative arouse suspicion.

Our printing provides the quality-factor in the appearance of sale bills. It enables you to present your sale offer with assurance of success. Prices that we quote are uniform—the same to everybody, for we use the

FRANKLIN PRINTING PRICE LIST

Let This Be YOUR Print Shop

A Lost Quixote

Boy in Search of Father Who Deserted Wife and Family Wins on Wheel of Fortune But Does Not Find Parent

(Copyright by the Adams Newspaper Service, New York.)

By EARL DERR BIGGERS.

Landlord "Benny" Sharp of the Crystal Palace hotel lounged in an ample chair and regarded loviugly three friends of his on the shelf behind the bar. These three were brandy, rum, and gin, all so disreputable and time-stained as to label that Sharp alone knew one from the others.

Turning from an inspection of his three cronies to that portion of Kiowa Junction visible from the window, Mr. Sharp was confronted with a less happy picture. In the merciless blaze of the Arizona sun, the town seemed to crinkle and turn up round the edges. The false fronts of the shacks amiably referred to as "business blocks" drooped as if weary of the pretense they preserved, the solitary red station crouched close, seemingly for protection, to the redder water-tank. The scattered adobe houses lay blistering in the heat.

Inevitably this scene of parched desolation drove Mr. Sharp back to his liquid friends on the shelf. Sighing heavily he pried himself from his chair and toddled behind the bar.

"I say, it's hot," he muttered, pouring out that which would make him hotter.

"Doc" Haywood, dozing in his accustomed corner, displayed his usual animation at the sound of tinkling glass.

"Hot!" he sympathized. "It's hotter than Tophet." And then, his discerning eye noting a second glass on the bar, he dropped back into a stupor.

Thus fortified, Landlord Sharp returned to his chair and faced again the dusty prospect from his window. From time to time his thick lips moved in whispered protest against the heat.

Mr. Sharp was a sight at which the gods might weep. Beelzebub, flung from heaven, could have fallen no further. His face was that deep shade of red that emotion readily converts to purple. The fire through which he had passed had singed away his eyebrows, leaving mercilessly defenseless before the world a pair of watery eyes long ago washed destitute of color. In that hothouse climate his nose blossomed the year round, regardless of the seasons. Sole testimony of his ancient state, his hands remained thin and girlish, with long slender fingers, at the sudden sight of which men about to play the faro lay-out in the corner had been known to restore their money to their pockets and turn away.

As Mr. Sharp gazed dully out at the sun-struck town, a bob-tailed train crawled into view and paused wheezily at the station. From this a husky young man alighted and, after a word with the station agent, climbed the burning street toward the Crystal Palace hotel.

Mr. Sharp made no move to rise and, in his capacity of landlord, welcome a possible guest. Instead, as the young man mounted the steps, he called out to indicate his whereabouts, and listened as the stranger pounded down the hallway, past the hideous "ladies' parlor," to appear finally in the barroom doorway.

"What can I do for you?" Mr. Sharp inquired.

The young man sank into a chair. Benny Sharp noted that he was big and good to look at, with the manner of one who has spent his days in the open fields of God's country.

"Nothing," he answered. "You can't do nothing. I take the 2:10 train back East."

"It don't stop here," grunted Mr. Sharp, parsimonious of words.

"They'll slow down, and I can grab it, I guess. Yes—I'm goin' back—back home."

The laws of hospitality seemed to demand of Mr. Sharp some slight interest.

"Where's that?" he inquired languidly.

"Indiana," returned the boy with feeling. "Say, don't you ever get to longing for a snow storm out in this furnace? Don't you banker for a chilly morning, when the wagon wheels creak and your breath's white with the frost?"

It was a disconcerting picture, Mr. Sharp ran his fingers through his hair—a dirty gray in color.

"Now and then," he admitted. "So you're from Indiana, hey? I've knowed a good many from there in my day."

The boy leaned forward quickly.

"Maybe you can help me," he said hopefully. "You're my last chance. I came out here to find a man who left Indiana fifteen years ago. I've tracked him from Seattle down here, and now the trail leads up to Oregon, and my money's gone. So I got to go back—without him. I got to go to her—alone."

He sat gazing unhappily out past the huddled shacks of the Junction to the silent desert beyond. Regularly from the corner came the snore of the sleeping Haywood. In sympathy with this somnolence, Mr. Sharp yawned.

"What's the fellow's name?" he inquired.

"Stubbs," was the answer. "Henry Stubbs. He's from Greensburg, Indiana."

Mr. Sharp crossed his fat legs and then, as if he had done it merely to prove that the trick was still in his repertoire, uncrossed them again.

"Seems to me I wouldn't go very far," he remarked facetiously, "to find a man with a name like Stubbs."

The boy's eyes flashed.

"You *would* if you was me!" he cried. "I'd go through hell fire to come face to face with Stubbs. Oh, I'm lookin' for Stubbs, all right. I want to talk to him. I want to say: 'There's a little woman back in Indiana 'd like mighty well to see you, Henry Stubbs. There's a little woman who's been waitin'—waitin' all these long years, with never a word to cheer her, or a dollar to lighten the burden of running that scrawly, played-out farm.'"

He stood up. His cheeks were aflame.

"Yes, I reckon I'm lookin' for Stubbs. I'm lookin' for him to tell him how, every night for fifteen years, when the six-thirty-five train from the West has whistled round the bend, she's gone to the door and shaded her eyes with her hand—her hand, that's skinny and ugly, slavin' for the kids he left behind. And I don't need to tell him, I guess, how, every night for fifteen years, she's gone back to her work with a sigh, settin' her hopes twenty-four hours ahead to the next night's train. Yes, sir, I want to see Stubbs. I want to ask him where he's been these fifteen years."

Mr. Sharp blinked in awed wonder in the face of this outburst.

"What's Stubbs to you?" he inquired, with his first display of interest.

"He's my father," said the boy, in a lower tone. He sat down again. "I'm Bill—I'm the oldest boy. Five years old I was when he came out here on a get-rich-quick gamble, and since that day, almost, I've had to take his place on the farm. They preach about honorin your father; but when I think about the load on that woman's heart those fifteen years I could strangle him on sight."

"Oh, no," put in Mr. Sharp pacifically. "Oh, no, now."

"But I wouldn't," the boy went on—"for her sake. She wants him. Mortgaged the farm she did, and sent me out here to find him. She's waitin'. And now the money's gone, and I got to go back without him. I know how it'll be. The train from the West'll whistle, and she'll wait in the door—for us. And I'll come down the old Miller road and up the lane past the crooked beech. I'll come—alone."

His voice broke, and he turned hastily back to the window. Mr. Sharp pulled out a very dirty handkerchief and passed it lightly over his forehead.

"Stubbs," he mused thoughtfully. "Stubbs, of Indiana. I don't recall the name."

"It wouldn't be by name you'd remember him," the boy said. "He'd change that. Trust him. Always got on his nerves, that name did. No name for a dreamer, maybe."

"Dreamer?" queried Mr. Sharp.

"Dreamer," repeated the boy bitterly. "That's what Henry Stubbs was. That was what sent him driftin' clear out here, away from a woman a million times too good for him. Read books, he did. His hands was too white for a farm—his soul was too high-toned."

His voice rose in scorn.

"Started his fool ways when he was a boy. They talk about it yet in Greensburg. Read Irish books, and pretended he was a knight, or something. Carved himself a shield and a spear, and every night, when work was over, he used to get on my grandfather's old white farm-horse and ride round town for the folks to laugh at. They're laughin' yet—in Greensburg. Used to sweep down on the kids playin' under the street lamps, and scatter them with his bum spear. That's the kind of a fool Henry Stubbs was—An Indiana Quixote, some called him."

Mr. Sharp's mottled face contorted into a smile.

"A funny kid, sort of," he commented.

"A fool," sneered the boy. "Followed his silly notions out here. Wife, children, home—that didn't count with him. Said he was comin' out here to make a fortune. Him—make a fortune! Said he'd come back with a thousand dollars—that's a fortune in Greensburg—or he wouldn't come at all."

"And he never came?"

"No."

"You never heard from him?"

"At first," said the boy, "he wrote to my mother regular. Said he was doin' well—cuttin' timber in Oregon with a man named Harding. A few months later he wrote that Harding had gone to Portland to sell their lumber, and that when he got his share—two thousand dollars—he was comin' home."

"Well?"

"The next letter was the last she ever got. It was scrawly—discouraged—sort of—well, pitiful, in a way. You see, this Harding turned out a cur—a mean, contemptible cur. He sold the timber and skipped out with the money. Somehow that seemed to do my ma Henry Stubbs all up. He said he was goin' to try again, but there was no heart in his words. He never wrote again. Now and then people from home would send word that they'd run across him out here. Some said there was another woman."

He stopped, and his breath came heavily as he gazed out at the drooping town. In his favorite corner, Doc Haywood still snored lustily. With difficulty the landlord of the Crystal Palace extricated himself from his chair and toddled toward his friends on the shelf. He returned smacking his lips.

"You can't believe all you hear," he remarked charitably. "If I was you, I wouldn't add any sin on to Henry Stubbs' list I wasn't sure of."

"I don't intend to," returned the boy. "She says"—his voice softened—"he was a good man. Keeps savin' that right along through it all. Says he was a man who loved his home and his family. She blames it all on the West."

He turned sharply on the landlord of the Crystal Palace.

"What sort of a country is this out here," he cried, "that makes a coward of an honest man? You yawp about your magnificent distances, and how they draw a man closer to his God. What about their drawin' him a hell of a ways from his wife?"

Mr. Sharp did not, with his accustomed favor, come to the defense of his vaunted West. Instead he carefully studied the distant station agent, nodding in the shadow of his shack over his copy of a San Francisco paper a week old. Then he passed his hand tenderly over his ugly chin, red through its bristles.

"I don't recollect," he said, "that any amateur Quixotes ever strayed across my path out here. But then, you haven't described Henry Stubbs very clear yet."

"I've just seen his picture myself, to remember," answered the boy. "She showed it to me the day I left. There in the shabby parlor—her in her old-fashioned black silk in honor of my going—she showed me his picture and talked of him. He was handsome enough, I guess: keen eyes—gray, she said—and curly black hair. Handsome, but the chin was weak.

"She told me he talked like the books he read—always about queer people and places he'd got out of them. Nobody in Greensburg could make him out. 'And every now and then,' she says, 'he'd pass his hand quick before his eyes, like a man brushin' strange dreams away. I'd know him in a million by that,' she says. 'He was a good man, your father was,' she says, 'and I can't believe, somehow, that the years have changed him. If he's dead I want to know it, and if he's alive—I want him back. I love him in spite of all, and I want him back!'"

Mr. Sharp took out a vile-looking cigar, and lighted it.

"Hard luck," he remarked. "So you got to go back without him—without even news of him. That's tough."

Finally Mr. Sharp rose, and, walking over to the faro layout, examined carefully the little box of cards. Then he glanced back at the boy, but the latter made no sign. Heavily Mr. Sharp plodded on to the roulette wheel, over which his hand passed with the soft caress of a lover.

"Want to try the wheel?" he asked suddenly, a bit startled at the sound of his own voice echoing through the stillness.

The boy laughed harshly.

"Not me," he said. "I don't care to buy a gold brick, either."

Mr. Sharp assumed a bearing of offended dignity.

"You think the wheel's fixed," he said in a hurt tone.

There was no reply.

"They say that—some of 'em," went on the landlord. "It's a lie. They lose, and then they go away and lie. Your chance is as good as mine."

"Forget it," answered the boy. "I've got my ticket, and all of eleven dollars besides."

Mr. Sharp's tone became wheedling. A coaxing smile crept evilly out from its hiding place in the watery eyes.

"I don't want your money," he argued softly. "It's just to pass the time—just to forget the heat. It's the excitement I'm after. Always start something. Always have something doing. That's my motto."

He spun the wheel invitingly.

In his search for Henry Stubbs in strange pastures the boy had gained some knowledge of those who browsed therein. He felt, now, that Benny Sharp spoke the truth—that, obviously a man whose resort was at regular intervals the scene of wholesale gambling could have no mercenary motive in drawing into a game a boy whose fortune consisted of eleven lone and precious dollars. It was the thrill of the game Sharp craved, the boy decided. He would play with his opponent as a cat with a mouse, stretching the contest over as long a period of time as he could. And why, young Stubbs asked himself, might not the mouse, by some chance, outwit the cat? In Mr. Sharp's bloated face there were no evidences of unconquerable cunning.

The boy rose from his chair and walked over to the wheel, with which Mr. Sharp still toyed fondly.

"I reckon I couldn't be much worse off than I am," he said. "Give me ten dollars' worth for a starter. I'll keep the dollar for a reserve fund."

Joy surged into the face of Mr. Sharp as he counted out the chips. He ran his long, thin fingers over the wheel.

"What's the word?" he asked.

"I'll stick to the colors," said the young man. "I don't understand all this crazy business. The red to win." And he threw half his chips upon the table.

There followed a quick movement of Sharp's clever fingers, and the ball spun merrily round the whirling saucer. Hurdle after hurdle it climbed successfully, then it dropped into the ordained cup, which was red.

"Your money," said Mr. Sharp nonchalantly, pushing to the victor his spoils. "Make your bets. She's going to roll."

The boy hesitated. "The red again," he said.

She rolled, noted Mr. Sharp. Again the ball caroomed over its course, past one number to lie after another. Again it dropped into the cup of the boy's color.

"Some luck, kid," commented Mr. Sharp, with a gleaming interest. "Make your bets."

This time the boy tried the black, with equal success. As the minutes passed it became startling evident that the thing called luck was on his side. Only at rare intervals did he lose, and then at times when the sum risked was unusually small. The hands of the dirty clock crept toward train time, yet the pile of chips before him showed no signs of diminishing.

"Wait," he cried, interrupting Mr. Sharp's monotonous chant. "It's just ten minutes of train time. This is my last stake—all I've got. About eleven hundred there, I guess,"—he gasped a little as he named the sum—"goes down on the red."

Without comment, Mr. Sharp spun the wheel. It traveled with exasperating slowness round the whirling saucer. After ages of waiting, it dropped.

"All yours," said Mr. Sharp calmly. "This is my off day. Too hot to play. Serves me right."

He waddled to his safe, hidden behind the bar. With an unhappy grunt, he stooped and brought forth a large roll of bills, many of which had yellow backs.

"There's your twenty-two hundred," he said in a moment, placing the roll on the bar. "You better count it yourself, to make sure. You see, I ain't—" He stopped, for he had caught sight of the boy's face.

With young Bill Stubbs weird suspicion of a moment before had become a bitter reality. He laughed—a harsh, unnatural laugh. His hand shook as he pushed the bills back toward Mr. Sharp.

"It's not your money she wants!" he cried. "It's not your money she watches for each night on that train from the West. It's you!"

Mr. Sharp turned a startled gaze on the boy.

"What d'ye mean?" he asked.

"I'm no fool," the boy answered. "I know well enough no man walks away from here with twenty-two hundred of your money unless you want him to have it. I'm no fool—I can see all this pretty plain. You gave me this money—gave it to me! Yes, it's a little gift from Henry Stubbs—a little gift from father!"

"What are you talking about?" whined Benny Sharp. "The wheel's straight. You won the money. You're crazy! What are you talking about?"

"God knows there's little enough of the Henry Stubbs she told me of in you," broke in the boy. "I don't see the keen eyes, nor the black hair. I don't see the handsome face. I don't hear the talk out of books. I've got nothing to go by—nothing—except twenty-two hundred dollars you made me a present of. And that's enough, I guess."

"You run for your train," urged Mr. Sharp. "You got just five minutes to catch—"

"Don't fool yourself," the boy interrupted. "I'm not catching trains just now. I think you're Henry Stubbs, and I'm not leaving Kiowa Junction till I get the truth."

"You're a young fool," Sharp expostulated. "I ain't your dad. All this is a joke, if we just had time to laugh. I ain't your father. Do I look like a dreamy-eyed wanderer from Indiana to you?"

"I should say not," answered the boy. "Not. I don't see it myself. But tell me one thing, who else besides Henry Stubbs would want to make me a present of twenty-two hundred dollars? Tell me that, if you can."

Mr. Sharp sat for a moment; then suddenly he snatched the roll of bills from the bar and thrust it into the hands of the boy.

"I'll tell you," he cried, his words rushing out in a torrent. "I'll tell you, and then you run for that train. There's one other man besides Henry Stubbs might want to give you money. How about Harding—the dog who stole from your dad the money he sweat blood for—who stepped him from keeping his honest promise to go back to the woman he loved—who started him on the road to—to his death? Don't stare at me like that. You got a train to catch, boy. Go back to her. Stubbs is dead—he died in the Yukon. Hurry. Go back—"

The train was whistling over the desert, and the agent had started up the track with his flag as Sharp pushed the bewildered boy down the steps. For a second the young man stood gazing at him, and then, without a word, he turned and ran toward the station. Sharp stood watching him as he snatched the old carpet-bag from the platform and swung safely aboard the train. He remained watching until the great black snake had crawled far out into the desert's blaze.

Then he returned to the barroom, a half smile on his mottled face, and roughly shook Doc Haywood.

"Wake up, Doc!" he shouted. "Wake up and have a drink."

Mr. Haywood, having quickly digested this invitation, stood instantly at attention before the bar. Mr. Sharp hastened behind it, and then stood for a moment, facing the three bottles with an unusually serious face.

"Brandy, rum, or gin?" He turned to Haywood. "Which windmill shall we tackle, Sancho? Which shall it be?"

"What the hell?" began the uncomprehending Haywood.

"Don't mind me," said Sharp. "I'm wandering. See. I've got a bum spear and a white horse—I can hear the thud of his hoofs in the dust."

He laughed.

"I've got 'em again," he muttered.

And he passed his hand quickly before his eyes as a man who brushes strange dreams away.

GERMANY USES GUILLOTINE

Murderer of Yank Soldier Will Die Under Knife as Result of Court Sentence.

Berlin.—A grim reminder of the fact that the guillotine is still in Germany for the infliction of the death penalty comes in the sentencing of Engelbert Manns for the murder of Edward Cadigan, an American soldier. Manns killed the American to rob him and was sentenced to death by the German court.

Executions once carried out in the market places before the populace, are now attended by the prosecuting attorney, the judge before whom the case has been tried, sometimes the jury and those invited by the judge.

The executioner is appointed by the state and paid for each head he cuts off. He wears a gown of deep red and is masked. The prisoner is gowned in black.

Women convicted of murder also are put to death by the ax. A young woman recently was guillotined for the murder of a female companion.

$24,000 Radium Needles Found in 2 Day Search

Philadelphia.—Two radium needles valued at $24,000 were found today in rubbish at the Medical Arts building here. They had been missing since Wednesday, when they were inadvertently swept from a table in an operating room. The office force joined the building's porters in an all-day search of the basement before they were found.

The needles are three-quarters of an inch long and one sixteenth of an inch in diameter. They possess a slender aperture at one end into which the precious element is poured.

The Pampered Zone.

Christopher Morley remarks that "the fat man is his zone enemy." Apparently, then, he obeys the injunction to love one's enemies. Boston Transcript.

LIVES IN HISTORY

City of Alexandria, Virginia, Is Immortal.

With Its Memories of the Greatest American, It Yields Place Only to the National Capital.

Economic clocks cease their ticking, industrial enterprises stop their whirr, and America celebrates each twenty-second day of February in honor of George Washington.

"Across the Potomac from the city which perhaps is the most elaborate and enduring monument that perpetuates the name of any human being is a smaller, older, but up-to-date city, which reverently pays her tribute to the great man who surveyed its town lots. He also commanded its troops, sat in its historic Christ church while President of the United States, and tripped the stately minuet in its parlors," says a bulletin from the Washington, D. C., headquarters of the National Geographic society.

"Alexandria, Virginia, which was so promising at the close of the Revolutionary war that it was considered a possible seat for the infant national government, and which indeed might have had the honor, so the story goes, if the great man who lived within a stone's throw of its borders had thought it fair to use his influence in its behalf, is today an up-and-doing city. A naval torpedo plant is being constructed there at the present time, and during the World war it had a fully equipped shipbuilding plant.

"The first ship built at this plant was the Gunston Hall, named after the home of George Mason, father of the Virginia declaration of rights, at that time probably the most complete statement of the rights of man.

"This shipbuilding plant which now stands idle awaiting the development of new plans concerning our merchant shipping covers 46 acres of land along a river which measures 40 feet in depth at the city pier. At no point in its course to the ocean is the channel less than 30 feet in depth.

"The coal fields of the Cumberland are but 40 miles away, and the cheapness of transportation to the city adds another commercial asset. The inhabitants in the decade between 1830 and 1840 foresaw the power which was coming into being to the west of them, and expended large amounts of money in building the Alexandria canal and in contributions to the Chesapeake and Ohio canal.

"The Lee highway from New York to San Francisco, now being constructed, passes through Alexandria and westward through the beautiful and historic Valley of Virginia. Very aptly might Alexandria, from its geographical position, be given the sobriquet 'The Gateway to the South.'

"Tourists to the Capital city—and [illegible] sooner or later he must see the capitol, the White House and the Monument—usually find a few hours, if no more, to cross the Potomac and sit in the silence of the quaint little church in its pretty green churchyard where Washington advocated before the townspeople in 1774 resistance to Great Britain, and where Robert E. Lee agreed to take command of the Virginia troops at the beginning of the Civil war in 1861. Washington's pew is marked today, but unfortunately the high backs of the seats which in former days kept the President from seeing exactly what kinds of face the bewigged gentlemen in front of him had at their throats, were cut down by a subsequent rector who wanted his church to keep abreast of the times. It is said that Washington, and the famous and devoted Martha always rode from Mt. Vernon in a handsome cream-colored coach to attend the services.

"The seeker for excellent examples of Colonial architecture can heave a sigh of satisfaction when he catches his first glimpse of Carlyle house, as this home in which the illustrious gentlemen and charming women of old colony days discussed state questions and tripped a measure or two is considered one of the best specimens of Eighteenth century architecture in existence. Maj. John Carlyle, who built it in 1752, provided a means of escape for his family, in case of attack by the Indians, in a subterranean passage that leads from the house through the fort on which the house is located to the Potomac. Here they could get into boats and sail down the river to safety."

THE SMALL CREATURE.

"I'm going to tell you," said Daddy to Nick and Nancy, "about a boy and a girl who had many adventures. I'll tell you of a trip they took which led to a place called the Home of Secrets.

"All your friends, too, will hear of the adventures of this boy and girl. They may not hear of every adventure. They may begin reading about them in the middle of their journey; but no matter, each time I tell of them I will begin by explaining, so all will understand, even if they haven't read of any of the adventures before.

"The boy," Daddy continued, "was a fine boy, though he was a wee bit conceited, and the girl the same way. But they were really very fine. Now I must tell you what they said before they started adventuring.

"'I have ambition,' the boy said, 'and so I should succeed. Wherever I go I wish that men should look upon me as their superior.

"'I wish them to do what I ask—more, what I command! I shall make myself worthy of commanding, for I shall strive to become strong and powerful and great and good. They will not be able to help but obey me. That is the great desire I have, but I don't know just how to set out to do what I plan to do. I do not know just how I shall become great. I do not know just how I can make others believe I am great. I do not know just how I am to lead.'

"'I, too,' said the girl, 'wish to be a leader. What I do will start fashions. Others will copy me. When I am weary of one fashion I shall start another and again I will be followed.

"'I shall rule as a queen should rule and all will do my bidding. I shall strive to be beautiful and good and charitable. I shall be kind and all shall love me. But I shall be the ruler, the leader of women. Still, I do not know how I can be all of this, for I do not know how to make others feel this way about me!'

"'Let us start out together,' said the boy, 'and everyone we see we will command. They will be afraid to go against us, so that when I am big I and my riches will be larger than anyone's. Thousands will be under me and they will respect and honor my might and my goodness, and my success.'

"'I,' said the girl, 'will be the leading lady of the land, but I am still puzzled as to how we shall go about all this.'

"'At any rate we must start,' said the boy. 'We must not waste time. We are using up many moments and we have gone no distance at all so far.'

"So they started off, the boy in search of power which would make him a ruler of men, and the girl in search of those qualities which would make her a leader among women.

"They had not gone very far when they heard a sharp whistle coming from the direction of some woods. They listened, and again came the whistle, very clear and strong.

"'Let's see,' said the boy, 'if the creature who is whistling can tell us anything we want to know.'

"'How do we know if the creature can speak?' asked the girl. 'Perhaps it was a bird whistling. We are not sure the voice was a human one.'

"They approached the edge of the woods and listened again to hear the clear, keen whistle. After a few moments they heard it again, and as they wandered further into the woods, following the direction from which it came, at last they reached a spot where all around was moss growing over stones and around trees and making a carpet for the earth.

"'Hello!' said a voice. 'You wanted to find me, I believe. I was whistling for you to come. I couldn't go to you, for I never go to any one. I always wait for them to come to me. That is why so few come.'

"Before them, standing on the mossy carpet, stood a little creature who looked something like a man and something like a gnome.

"'This is my secret,' he said. 'I don't grow because I'm never willing to take any trouble. I don't amount to much in any way, and neither will you unless you learn a great deal,' he said.

Tale of the World.

Teacher—What made you late, Willie?

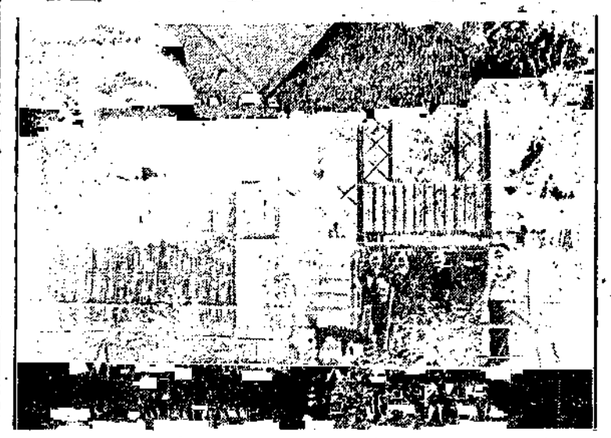
Willie—I was pursuing knowledge.

Teacher—Pursuing knowledge! What do you mean?

Willie—Why, our dog ran away with my geography book, and I ran after him.

—Subscribe for the Gazette $2.00 per year.

Here's a Real Argument For Philippine Independence



A Typical Philippine Homestead

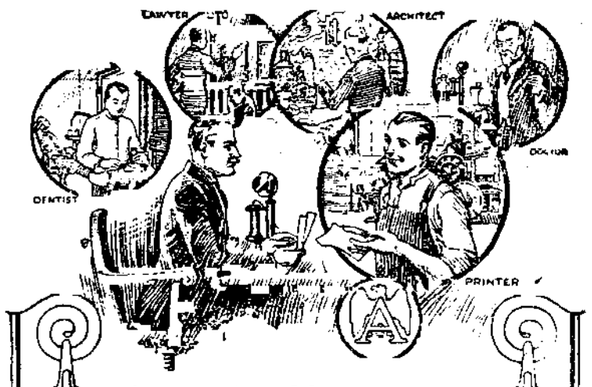
The United States isn't the only country that has homesteaders—those enterprising pioneers who leave thickly populated districts and take their families into virgin territory to create homes for themselves. The Philippine islands have thousands of thrifty homesteaders.

The above photograph shows a picture of a Christian Filipino homesteader and his family near Pikit, Cotabato province, Mindanao, P. I. Five years ago he was a cab driver working for low wages at Cebu, a thickly populated city. He went into the then wilderness of Mindanao, planted hemp and cocoanuts, paid for his land and has become wealthy. Thousands of similar instances could be cited. One Mindanao homesteader is worth $200,000.

The Philippine government is encouraging the immigration of Filipinos from the thickly populated sections into Mindanao. This is the second largest of the islands of the archipelago. It is still sparsely settled, although it is one of the richest and most productive islands in the world. Many Americans have established plantations there and become rich.

Filipinos are using the stories of the many successful Filipino homesteaders as an argument for independence. They make the point that a people that can go out into a tropical wilderness with no capital save their patience, perseverence and energy and win homes for themselves, have the necessary stamina to run their own affairs.

Something Like a Gnome.



There Are No Bargains in Printing

In this new era of Printed Salesmanship, Buyers of Printing face a new problem in selecting the Printer who is to be entrusted with their work.

The Printer is a business counsellor—his advice and work in a matter of your printed advertising should be as productive of results as the professional services of your lawyer or doctor.

You would not choose a dentist because he advertised his work as "bargain dentistry." You would not employ an architect who had only a low price to recommend his selection.

The results that you expect from your printing are obtainable in only one way—by the skillful choice of type, ink and paper by the Printer who does your work.

"There are no bargains in Printing."

THE WELLSBORO GAZETTE
WELLSBORO, PA.

Win Ford Touring Car

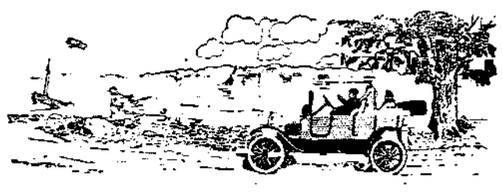
FORD ROADSTER

OR A BIG CASH PRIZE

The Wellsboro Gazette Offers More Than $1,800 in Prizes to Men and Women of Wellsboro and Tioga County in Seven Weeks Circulation Building Campaign

1921 Ford Touring Car

FIRST PRIZE



BOUGHT FROM AND ON DISPLAY AT
DARTT CARRIAGE & AUTO CO.

How the Prizes Will Be Awarded

Here is a list of the five prizes:

Ford Touring Car—First Prize.
Ford Roadster—Second Prize.
$150 Cash—Third Prize.
$100 Cash—Fourth Prize.
$50 Cash—Fifth Prize.

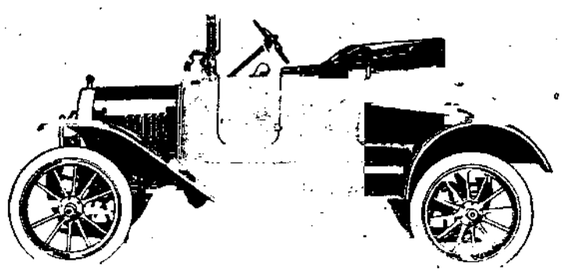
The above five prizes will be awarded absolutely free of all cost to the five persons securing the largest number of points by Saturday, June 11th. Points can only be secured in two ways: By clipping out the 50-point free coupons which are printed in the paper each week, and by securing cash subscriptions to the Gazette. Points will be issued on all cash subscriptions as follows:

One Year	$ 2.00	2,000 points
Two Years	4.00	10,000 points
Three Years	6.00	25,000 points
Five Years	10.00	50,000 points

Renewals of present subscriptions, back pay, pay-in-advance, new subscriptions will all count the same, according to the above schedule. No subscriptions will be accepted to apply on the campaign for less than one year or for longer than five years in advance from any one person.

1921 Ford Roadster

SECOND PRIZE



BOUGHT FROM AND ON DISPLAY AT
DARTT CARRIAGE & AUTO CO.

Campaign Opens To-Day -:- Will End June 11th

Ten Per Cent Commission Will Be Paid to All Who Work in This Campaign and Do Not Win

Campaign Rules

Any man or woman, boy or girl (15 years or over) living in the city of Wellsboro or Tioga County, may enter the campaign. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to the Wellsboro Gazette in order to enter. Just fill out the entrance coupon on this page, mail, bring or send it in and the Campaign Manager will give you full instructions. You obligate yourself in no way by entering.

The count will be by means of free coupons printed in each issue of the paper and by special point coupons which are issued in exchange for each subscription turned in. Back pay, renewals and new subscriptions will all count the same.

Point coupons once issued cannot be transferred from one worker to another. Points cannot be bought. They must either be clipped from the paper or be secured by turning in cash subscriptions.

Workers may secure subscriptions anywhere in the United States. No special territory will be alloted to workers.

In the event of a tie, prizes of equal value will be awarded.

No employe of the Gazette or member of his or her family will be eligible to enter this campaign.

The final count at the end of the campaign will be made by a committee of well-known business men.

This is a clean-cut business proposition and a fair and square deal is guaranteed all who enter.

There will be no favorites and no losers in this campaign.

Call, phone or write the Campaign Manager for any information you may desire.

$300 In Cash Prizes

Third Prize $150 Cash
Fourth Prize $100 Cash
Fifth Prize $50 Cash

Early work will be easy and effective. More points will be given for subscriptions during the first part of the campaign than the latter part. Start early by entering to-day.

There are no obligations attached to entering this campaign. Costs you nothing to enter and costs nothing to win a prize. YOU CAN'T LOSE.

50 - FREE POINTS - 50

IN THE WELLSBORO GAZETTE'S BIG CIRCULATION CAMPAIGN

For M .....

Address .....

These coupons must be neatly trimmed and pinned together. As many may be turned in as you can secure.

NOT GOOD AFTER SATURDAY, APRIL 30th, 1921.

ENTRANCE COUPON

Good for 5,000 Free Points

IN THE WELLSBORO GAZETTE'S BIG CIRCULATION CAMPAIGN

Name .....

Street .....

Town ..... Phone No. .....

Mail, send or bring this Coupon to The Wellsboro Gazette office at once. Only one of these coupons will be accepted from each entrant.

HOW TO WIN A PRIZE

First- You enter the campaign by sending or bringing to THE WELLSBORO GAZETTE office an entrance coupon, properly filled out. The entrance coupon is good for 5,000 FREE points, but only one blank will be accepted from each worker.

Then enlist the aid of your friends and neighbors. Get them to save the free coupons which are printed in the paper each week, and ask them to renew or give you a new subscription to the Gazette. Use your telephone and notify them that you are entered in the campaign and are working to win one of the Ford cars. Let everyone know you have entered before they promise to help someone else. Do not let another person beat you to the subscriptions which you know you may easily get.

Be ambitious and determined to win from the start. If you have friends whom you cannot see at once, write to them.

Call or send to the Gazette office for a receipt book to use in soliciting subscriptions. The Campaign Manager will be glad to have you call so that he may explain anything about the campaign which you may not understand. Telephone or write the Campaign Manager if you cannot call, and he will be glad to call on you and explain full details.

Secure every point coupon possible, but work for cash subscription coupons, they count the most.

Call, Write or Telephone and ask the CAMPAIGN MANAGER for detailed information.

THE WELLSBORO GAZETTE

J. S. LACKEY, Campaign Manager